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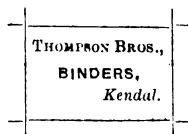
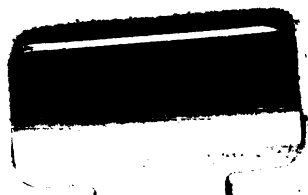
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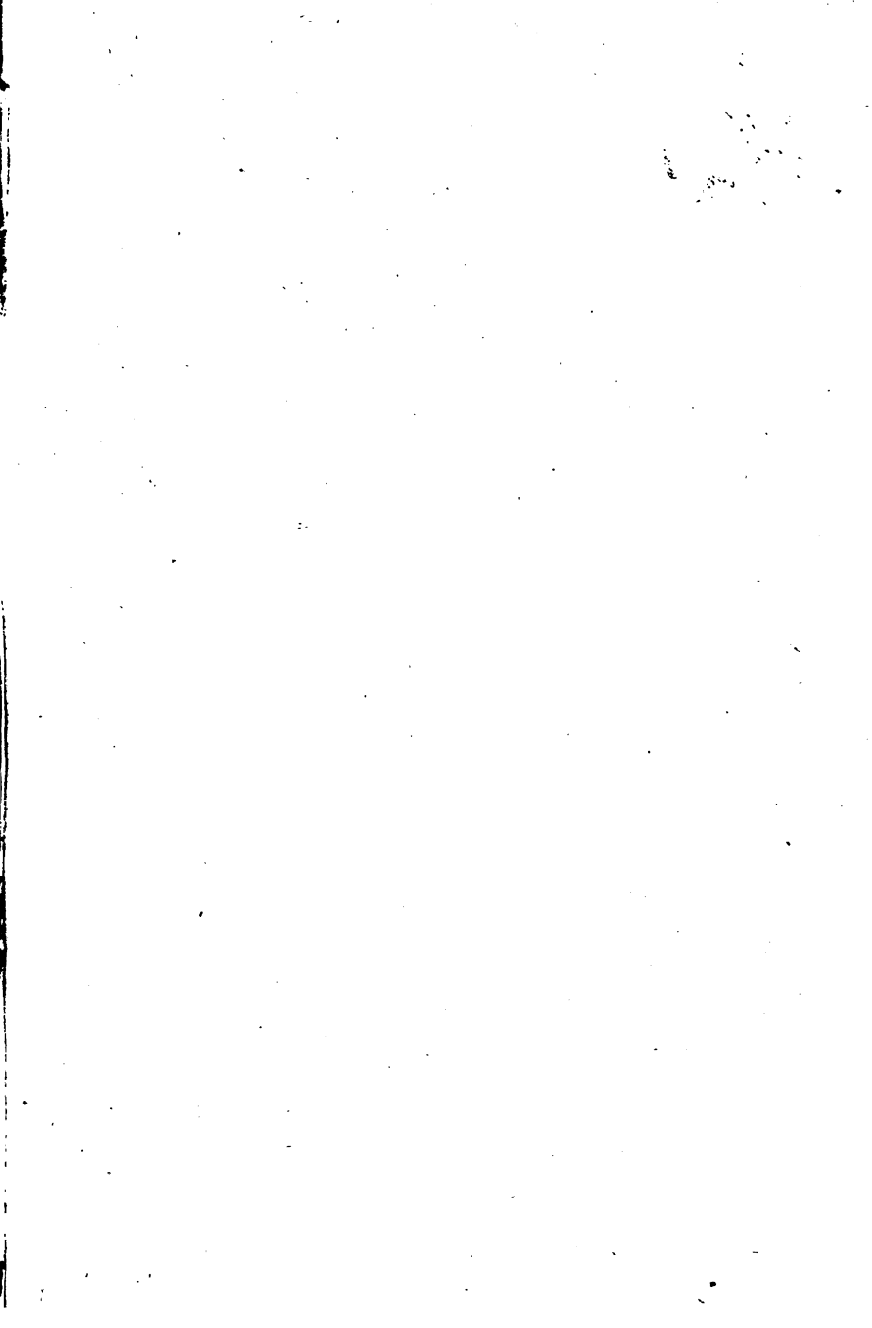
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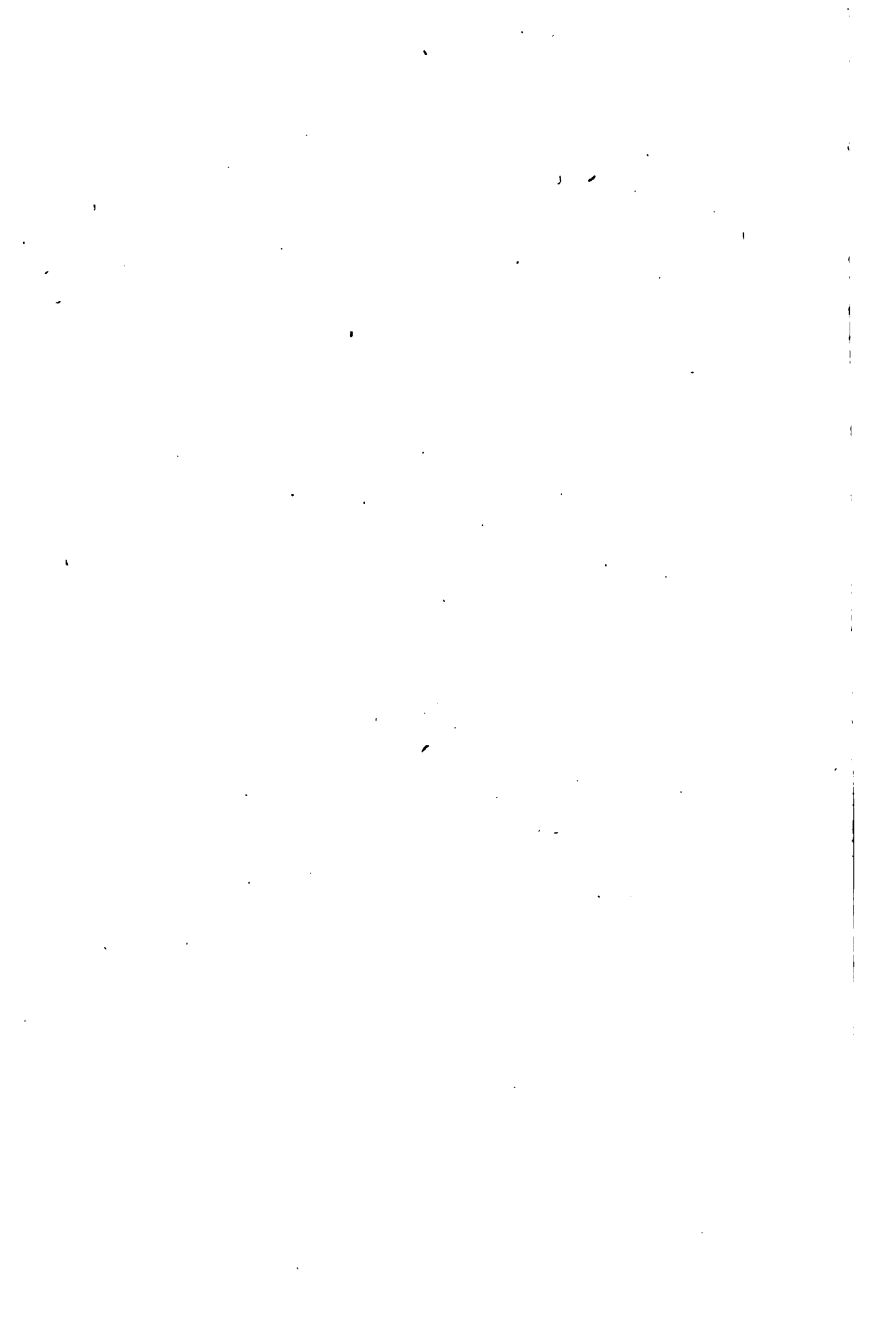


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OUTLETS.







Outlets from the Hills.

BY

JAMES HOGGARTH,

OF KENDAL,

(A NATIVE OF AMBLESIDE),

*Author of "Echoes from Years Gone By," "Evening Strains
and Parlour Pastimes," &c.*



KENDAL :

THOMPSON BROTHERS, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

1896.

LOAN STACK

~~427~~F



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



LITTLE remains to be said about a preface. Few people care about a preface, and few people read it. It is only as a porch which may, or may not, invite to what there is to be seen in the interior. Many authors find it more difficult to write a suitable preface to their works than to write the book itself. The present volume contains no special flashes or ornate contributions as from a man of genius, therefore the author will be as brief as possible with his introductory remarks.

The welcome given to his "Echoes" induced him once more to venture into print, and the present volume—"Outlets from the Hills"—contains thoughts that have inspired him as he has wandered over the hills and through the dales of Westmorland and the Lake District. None of the pieces were written or produced in a library, because the author is unable to boast of such a possession. But the Book of Nature

itself is a whole library to the poetic mind, ever affording subject for meditation and theme for song. Most of the compositions came to light as the author was walking in the fields, the woods, the lanes, the streets; as he meditated on the sea shore or by the river side; as he climbed the hills, or as he walked leisurely over the plains; in fact, almost anywhere when out of doors he heard the whisperings of his Muse. He has written of things as he himself observed them; and many of his verses are the expression of his experiences when in contact with Nature as she is influenced by the ever varying moods of the revolving Seasons. It has afforded him enjoyment and pleasure as well as given him employment for his leisure hours. There are no embellishments of polished culture, but the verses are the natural breathings of one who loves to meditate on the works of God. As becomes one who is of the line of the great "Moralist in Oils," glory is only given where it is due.

JAMES HOGGARTH.

123, STRICKLANDGATE, KENDAL,
October, 1896.

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Outlets.

AT SUNSET.

The luminous and refining forces of sunset-clouds over undulating hills are charges of natural beauty—full of interest—between two worlds.

WITH radiant glory, perfect ease,
The sun has reach'd the hills of old ;
The twilight's wings are deeply dipt
In molten gold.

The source of light glides to the goal
And flashes o'er the world in praise ;
A sphere, lone traveller, faultless, with
Long spears ablaze.

What means much gold round yonder shrine ?
And all the vale prepares to rest ;
Grey shadows creep through sea-blown woods
On Nature's breast.

The moon, far up the eastern heights,
Full orb'd, with brighter light to be,
Breaks through the clouds which look much like
A silver sea.

The little clouds the soonest fade,
 Across the meadow land and hill,
 Like undertones of woe, and yet
 So grand and still.

All clouds await the sun's last rays,
 Which gave the west its primrose bars ;
 And then, through adamantine floor,
 Burst out the stars.

A holier calm than that of day,
 Serene and hallow'd—dew distils—
 Rests on the sleeping valley and
 Immortal hills.



GOING TO THE POORHOUSE.

A TRUE STORY.

A careless and thriftless life frequently makes a dilapidated building to sleep in when old.

THE evening of his life had come
 With many mighty mem'ries cleft,
 And hope, the nursling of his life,
 Had fail'd, which sweeten'd toil and strife :
 Alone in a deserted home,
 And not a sixpence left ;
 Of work, and social glee, and life's good things bereft.

Like white-wing'd birds, his friends had fled,
 Who once seem'd lives to keep from ill.
 When age and want have closely met
 The poor much pity often get,
 But pity does not do for bread,
 It never did nor will,
 And Virtue is a starving thing for hungry breasts to fill.

A grey-beard sire he was and old,
The youngest of his line had gone,
And time, which severs warp and woof,
Had chang'd his home from floor to roof.
Forsaken in the age of gold,
And he for years had none,
And nothing now but a stern world to look upon.

With eyes that plead, and brow that's knit,
And heavy strides across the floor,
And long-drawn sigh, he pacèd slow
The floor he'd trod much years ago.
He tried hard and was scarcely fit
To reach the old house door
From which there is a good view of a long, wild moor.

At last the road was reach'd, and he
Turn'd round with tearful, earnest eyes
To take a last long look at things
Which once brought joy—his mem'ry wrings ;
A helpmeet he had once, and she
A precious, heaven-sent prize,
And, like all mortals, she was deemed not too wise.

Booked for happy home and life,
And it was bright for a few years ;
Domestic joys of sexes fade,
The sunlight mingles with the shade,
And where there is a man and wife
A tangled web appears,
From which the brightest threads have caus'd the
bitterest tears.

The poor, whose want strikes at the soul—
And there are English souls most brave—
Have knocks that Mammon never knows ;
They fall beneath much heavier blows
Than some with quenchless wealth who scowl
To stay the lengthening wave
Of grief, whose billows many honest spirits lave,

His soul, and it had secret fire,
And kindled by the family flame,
Burn'd long, to think, at last to feast
(A cold and pauper'd guest at least)
On stinted fare, arous'd his ire—
No golden hours and fame,
Nothing but isolation and unowned name.

It was a brand, and hard to bear,
And when he reach'd the poorhouse gate
He gazed much on huge walls, unknown
To him, now homeless, friendless, lone ;
His soul, once brave, was in despair,
Far from its primal state ;
He felt there would be cold, strange hands on him to
wait.

He enter'd in and took his seat ;
And soon he felt life's wintry blast
Amongst old faces, white and thin—
And some had been brought there by sin,
And one time might have made ends meet—
A vain regret at last
To sit down there and look with grief into the past.

He liv'd a few more years, and then
A pauper's grave was dug for him
Beneath the elms, beside the sands,
Amid much wealth and lordly lands,
Which drain the blood and strength of men
Till age arrive and grim,
Then spurn'd at last, a wreck, with useless mind and
limb.

Such was the end of one who had
An intellect the world to shake,
And might life's fight have bravely won,
And then at eventide life's sun
Had set in splendour and made glad
Those left behind to take
His mantle up with joy, and wear it for his sake.

IN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

Autumn, like man, gathers gold, to be parted with at last, and to
be scattered no one knows where.

THE spendthrift year is turning grey ;
The sights and sounds of summer things,
From whence our chiefest pleasure springs,
Are now diverg'd a different way,
In shelter'd lanes with fading flowers,
Once gay with wild rose, woodbine bowers.

Beneath the rocky spur of hills,
The gorse has dwarfed into thorns,
The burly thistle much adorns
The bed where sleep the daffodils,
Which made the weary heart to sing
With virgin lily-bells in spring.

Much fragrance sweeps from side to side
Through stately gardens old and rare ;
The old earth, with its cooling air,
Looks like the leopard's spotted hide,
With Autumn wrecks across the plain,
And in the place of golden grain.

The woodlands with their lustrous gold,
With hill-side streams, rock bound and fleet,
Have a peculiar smell, and sweet,
From fallen leaves, decay'd and old,
Which leave the trees with black bare bars,
Impeding not the light of stars.

The time has come, the hounds' deep bay
Is heard amongst the startled deer ;
The sound falls faintly on the ear,
And from the distance far away ;
The hawthorns drop their caps of gold
Into the brook in manners bold.

Our lives' full radiance soon goes by,
 Woe strangles pleasure, and the best
 That life can give with youth and zest,
 With more of cloud than azure sky
 From early dawn till evening's night,
 And doubting not soon feel 'tis night.



THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

The fragrance of Truth and Piety makes its way to the soul when
 nothing else can.

MOST joyous is the maiden's song,
 Her heart is full of grateful mirth;
 Her life is plain, intense, and strong
 With goodness—'tis a kingdom's worth.

Her hands ne'er did a sceptre hold,
 And yet her subjects loyal prove;
 She keeps, and it is more than gold,
 A law, and it is one of love.

She lives where fern and bracken grow,
 In a green valley wide and free;
 The hill side streams sing wild, and flow
 Through gulch and bluff down to the sea.

Upon her lips lives not a sound
 Of cold pale whisper of ill-will;
 Against her ways no faults are found;
 She rules the heart with subtle skill.

Her tell-tale eyes and raven hair
 Fill hearts with zeal and sunny glee;
 A lovely blossom, slim and fair,
 So fresh is life's immortal tree.

The rose and lily fitly grace
 Her features, praised by old and young:
 Adored, beloved by all her race,
 Of such would Burns have loudly sung.

FROM A HEADLAND.

On getting a great height in the world be all the more careful lest
there is an ugly fall.

SWEET scented grasses on the daisied lea,
With soft winds blowing, make the world look well ;
Beautiful and grand, wondrous witchery,
So grand the view no flying words can tell.

The high instinct of reason fails to grasp
The beautiful and grand in ev'ry part ;
Eyes beam with joy and love, and try to clasp
The full-blown beauty, mocking human art.

All cool, and fresh, and lustrous comes the morn,
The stars forsake the cradle of the day ;
With golden hues the sun doth oft adorn
Huge oaks link'd much with sorrow and decay.

We do not willingly let go the fair,
Tall, luscious woodbine twisted like a wave ;
We list to tunes as if they were as rare
As the sonatas which Beethoven gave.

The birth and state of the vale's lovely things
We mourn'd and look'd for in the early spring ;
They give more joy than all the mighty kings
Whose faltering sceptres unto empires cling.

Along the hill side feed white sheep and cows,
Where sportsmen travel much with dog and gun ;
The faultless cattle toil and blameless browse ;
From stunted hazels wild brown rabbits run.

Through fields and woods we tread with joyous pace,
Midst feathery lace of larch and scented lime,
Through wealth of colour and in verdant grace,
Through dust and glory of the summer time.

THE TRIO OF ROSES.

There is a mine in every flower ;
The deeper it is gone into
The brighter will the jewels shine.

THEY bow their heads together in decay,
Beneath the azure of the summer sky,
Abandoned, across the garden's way,
And, like the prostrate lilies, pale and die.

Most lovely aspirations touch'd the soul
When summer breezes swept the crystal pool,
To see such glories of the world in thrall,
Drowsily rocking, peacefully and cool.

Dyed in the depth of heaven's purest white,
All were in contrast with the daisy's snow,
To pass again into primeval night,
With large white turbans, in the winds that blow.

When fields were green, and when the skies were blue,
The silent tremblers cooling breezes hail'd ;
The petal flakes, like birds awing, soon flew
Across the grass, and all the prospect fail'd.

The wandering winds of memory grieve and mourn
To hold a strange communion set apart
From vanish'd roses, till the spring's return
Relights the blown-out bloom that thrill'd the heart.

The slanting sun its amber glory flings
Against the mould'ring wall of vine-clad wires,
Where softly drop rose-folds, like glinting wings,
Amongst the ashes of the crocus fires.



A SUMMER CORNER.

A seat in the country, away from molesting noise, when summer is variegated here and there with golden splendour, is a glowing initial on Nature's many pages.

A BARE, free seat, on limestone rocks,
Fring'd much with emerald moss and grass,
I own ; where herds, tree-screened flocks,
Stand much, and I the hours can pass
In peace, and sweet communion hold
With buttercups in crocus gold.

The woodthrush before sunset sings—
No opera music stirs the air—
The wild strains through the woodland rings
Which interests, and which declare
The everlasting morning's hymn,
Within no hallow'd walls and dim.

Man's songs, which bud but do not flower,
The common way have always gone,
But those of highborn force and power,
Like Cæsar, lead the nations on.
My summer seat, with shady thorn,
Earth's jubilant voices never scorn.

Afar are seen the golden seas
Of wheat and corn midst bright green land ;
A perfect summer blue and breeze
Produce much joy that long will stand ;
And here are shadows, cool and fleet,
With old-world song of wind, and sweet.

The corner of the summer time,
Where creamy primrose gems the sod,
Has cause for rapture, most sublime
Amidst the ceaseless works of God.
It is to me, midst lovely things,
An empire with no way for kings.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

A beautiful summer is the highest pleasure through which we pass,
and when it dies we are for a brief period haunted by it.

WHERE Winter's desolation stood,
And who can now the eye restrain
To look abroad on all that's good,
To feel much joy for fields of grain ?
The summer hedges breathe a sigh,
And we can hardly say, Good bye.

The blissful evening hours wane,
Though all the way is strewn with flowers,
The April smiles and May's fair rain
Brought gleam of light with rosy hours ;
The golden dreams of Summer die,
And wistfully we say, Good bye.

Before the welcome long days close,
The dark blue mists begin to rise,
Like weary man, earth seeks repose,
Bird song grows distant, still, and dies ;
With umbered clouds against the sky,
We utter soundless sorrow by.

Within the limetrees' column'd nave,
Like rubies, fall the trembling leaves ;
The old elms lift their architrave
Of splendour where the brooklet grieves
To roll its silver far and nigh,
And we to summer say, Good bye.



FROM LIMESTONE CRAGS.

When the year is old and bald, it is always in a condition to yield
us opportunities to do good and to find pleasure.

MUCH gloom, and heavy, rests on field and town,
And late the raindrops splash'd upon the ground ;
The leaves are huddl'd together, grey and brown,
Like little children scared by a sound :
In quick response to a sunbeam fair,
The raindrops shine on a maiden's hair.

The Autumn, with woe's deranging power,
Prepares old Nature for a larger life ;
The outlook yet is not so bright ; the hour
Is fraught with storm blasts fierce, frequent with
strife :
The white cloud mists in the vales of death
Stay long in the woods which wait in faith.

The last on meadowland, where myriads grew—
White as the snowflakes do the petals blow—
Where many a ripple of blackcap music flew
From elm and ash—the daisy yet doth grow,
Midst wrinkled landscape, wreck and din ;
A throne of gold is the disc within.

The woodbine tries a second bloom to reach
With trumpet-shaped florets on the wall ;
And the thorn hedge where red leaves of the beech
From the frost-kissed brambles swing and fall :
The spiders' webs are with dew-pearls strung,
In golden mist when the moors are young.

The broom and the furze bushes on the hills
Grow much in masses and are showy now ;
The clear, wild waters leap through rocky ghylls,
Where chestnuts fell tap-tap from the topmost bough,
In gipsy days through the Autumn's prime,
Laden with fruit from the Summer time.

Across the dropping sedges in the vale
The robin comes with plaintive song again ;
He sweetly sings in the swift whelming gale,
And then goes forth to tap the window pane
At the roadside cottage, full of cheer
For the fair guest in the dying year.



IN BRIARY GLEN.

The slender and sword-shaped green grass that gives up its life to sustain others, though a humble member of the vegetable kingdom, always fulfils its mission.

A RULING tendency through Nature runs,
The violet murmurs fragrance to the bough,
And the full stress of the meridian sun
Crowds round the lordly mountain summits, now
Suffusing floods of golden light
Till checked by opposing night.

The buttercups (fanfare of trumpets) blow,
In field and meadow, wood and cloister'd nook ;
The reign of azure bells is now we know
In fair full swing beside the noisy brook,
Whose banks tall dandelions grace,
A low, undignified race.

Tumultuous splendour greets the revelling eye,
Breaking along the vast mountainous ways,
And sonorous mingling music to the sky
The ocean sends from waves through wildering maze ;
The yellow gorse far on the wold,
Looks like a shining cloth of gold.

The lane is full of rich and silent force,
The work of reproduction forward goes ;
Rocks, petrified histories, though coarse,
Reveal the sunset glory, and which glows
Across the crests of sable hills,
Whose cascades night with music fills.

In the deep shade of silver birch and elm,
Fring'd by the ferns and stain'd by lichens rare,
Are yawning caves, whose mystic silence whelm,
Midst mingling woodland beauty, all who dare
Tread through each bare unchisled room,
Close wrapped in darkness and in gloom.

A thousand visions of the rarest ken,
And much of Nature's loveliness still cries,
Amid the solemn stillness of the glen,
Whose interlacing grandeur fills the eyes,
Transforms the clown into a poet ;
This country glory all should know it.



HORTON PARK, BRADFORD.

We see Divine Power in Nature ; to know Divine Power is true
pleasure, and the deep impressions made by this knowledge
prepare the way for the lustre of moral beauty.

THROUGH portals wide and open all the day,
Backward and forward, on all sides we gaze,
Most pleasant is the view, and all the way,
From roads like polish'd marble—spacious ways.
The dormant senses wake as through the air
We tread, and far away the eye can peer
On vernal raiment, myriads of flow'rs rare.
Makes toil forget its pain to come out here ;
And this makes life worth living.

The golden sunlight, through the various trees,
Sheds passing lustre as the hours depart ;
Sweet kindred voices in the evening breeze
Are heard, and softly coming from the heart.
Large plants are found, as under alien skies
The sun's descending glory round them throngs ;
Much entire freedom causes joy to rise ;
The birds are happy in the trees with songs—
And this makes life worth living.

The fountains throw out streams of crystals, and
There 're many sheds with seats to shun the rain ;
The green and sinuous splendours much expand
In summer light, and sweetness lives again ;
The swans are many, with their snowy wings,
With an intense and glorious life, and tame :
Laid out by men are all these lovely things,
To give enjoyment to the mind and frame—
And this makes life worth living.

The stocks and pansies praise and triumph bring,
The tulips blush with jessamine and rose ;
Much peace, more than in costly court of king,
Abounds, and none to know from whence it flows.
Geraniums flash their bright resplendent hues
Across the mantles of the emerald sheen ;
The flow'rs, with ermine robes, kiss'd by the dews,
Invite inspection, and there 're many seen—
Surely this makes life worth living.



THE PARK THROUGH THE WOODLAND.

There are yet many originals in the familiar tracks of Nature, and the secrets of their philosophy will some day add grace and immortality to the strong and earnest thinkers who let them out.

NATURE'S great heart lies still,
The birds, with froned songs, are mute and fled,
The subtle scent, from fallen leaves and dead,
Is felt by all who roam at will.

The nuts, with unborn trees,
And we are with their rich brown beauty caught,
The clusters fix upon the eye and thought ;
To take, we count all trouble ease.

The winding runnel's bank
The moss and lichens deftly follow far,
Till stopp'd by tawny brambles, where there are
The stately hollow reeds and rank.

The woodman has cut down
The giant oak that near the pathway grew ;
An ample shade from sun it was, where flew
The tiger moth with coat of brown.

The marvels here are rife
Of the low buzzing of the booming wamps*
And the sharp call of tits across the swamps,
Which have no pulsing into life.

The burrs of burdock cling
To man and dog who go the thickets through,
To pull the burrs from clothes, and fingers too,
It is not such an easy thing.

* A local term for "wasps,"



The hedgehog's bristly ball,
 And many green frogs, under grass and bush,
 Come forth, unconscious of the feet that crush
 Or might unseen on them to fall.

Insects each other fight;
 Black snails object to be devour'd by
 The hungry ravens who down on them fly
 From beetling crags with dizzy height.

We catch bewitching gleams—
 Alike the smiles of women amongst men—
 Beneath the rocky platforms in the glen,
 From tumbling curves arching the streams.

A savage grandeur reigns
 Round a promontory, a wild prelude
 To distant prospects, vast in magnitude,
 Across the woodland pomp of plains.

Infinite songs of rills
 Mingle with the breath of wind and grass,
 And heighten'd by the scents which come and pass,
 Sweeter than wine, along the hills.

The path bath rural fame,
 A gentle slope with firs, a bird-lov'd scene;
 The soul is hush'd on pillowy tufts of green
 Found growing round the weary frame.

We know not when began
The ancient pathway with its winding way ;
But we can trace it like marks upon clay—
An old way hardens in a man.



DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

We ever feel the consciousness of awakening pleasure derived from the green vale's varied and inseparable beauty, embosomed amid lofty and immortal hills clothed in imperial purple, and whose rugged bastions paw the trembling clouds.

SHE comes—not throned on high in state,
Nor does she rank with fame and pride—
At eventide, through stile and gate,
To fetch her father's cows inside.



With a black dog and gladness mute,
Unrivall'd in her maidenhood,
She treads through mellow fields where
fruit
Is burnt, like flame in orchard
good.

And here no smoke doth hold its
reign
Along the inland mountain range ;
And all may find and peace maintain,
Who wish to have a country change.

'Tis here the morn's resplendent sun
Throws gold across cascades afar,
Whose waters through the broad fields run
And glitter to the harbour bar.

She is one near the marshes born,
Where silver-laced daisies grow :
Into the meadows sweet each morn
In summer well-fed cattle go.

Her cheeks would shame the blushing rose,
And from her lips the words are kind ;
Her heart is full, and doth disclose
True goodness from a humble mind.

A fair, bright image of desire,
She hath one worshipper of old ;
Her virtue is her soul's pure fire,
And with a wealth of love untold.

And where the brook keeps shining on,
Like crystal clear, 'neath tree and bush,
She found, and counted one by one,
'The cows, and shouted "Cush ! cush ! cush !"

They heard her from the stream's green brink ;
Her dog went barking through them, and
So ne went into the stream to drink,
And some prefer'd to gaze and stand.

She let them have their way awhile,
And then drove through the limestone arch,
Beside the copse with gate and stile,
And where there grows a beech and larch.

Beneath a sky of cobalt blue,
Through clover slowly march the cows,
And at the hedge of dark green hue
They stop, and switch their tails and browse.

It is a rare and ample view,
And which always gives much delight,
To see, where grows the ash and yew,
An English farm-house, clean and white.

THE OX-EYED DAISY.

Though not favoured with a graceful mien, yet life may be made a golden summer if we possess an open eye to discern and a mind to appreciate, for then fresh, delightful thoughts will be ours.

LARGE, modest flower, grac'd with a stately head,
Why fix thine eye upon thy verdant bed ?
Did not a welcome greet thee at thy birth
More cordial far than other flowers of earth ?

Thou stands above the tall, dank grasses, and
We see thee much and far across the land ;
Thou hast a thick green stem, and opens wide
Thine eye of gold, which heaven itself hath dyed.

Most beauteous flow'r, beside the fern-fring'd rill,
Thine eye expands with thine unfetter'd will ;
And through thy parted lips thy breathing's slow—
Much like an infant's breath—a gentle flow.

A group of clover—odorous beauty rare—
Looks up to thee, a gladd'ning prize and fair ;
The bee and butterfly give thee a call,
Before the evening's dark'ning shadows fall.

" 'Twas not 'mongst fields (methinks I hear thee say)
I came to breathe my little life away ;
I live not for myself, but strive to show
How beauty true amid life's storms may grow.

I know my garb is pretty, bright, and pure ;
My long, green stem can turbulent winds endure ;
My Maker form'd me a small graceful thing,
And bade me unto all a blessing bring."

Learn, child of care, when stormy clouds o'ercast
Thy pathway here, to bow beneath the blast,
To put on deep Humility's rich dress,
And prove it yields most lasting happiness.

Oh, beauteous flower, I see, through light and gloom,
 Why thou hast come to cheer us with thy bloom :
 Thou'rt sent to lead our thoughts to faith and love :
 Oh, give to all thy message from above.



A SEPTEMBER IDYLL.

Summer opens fresh and freely, like a flower to the sun, and after giving universal pleasure and amply providing for the wants of men and animals during winter, faint and weary, amidst perishing beauty, lies down to die.

THE year is in new greatness now ;
 We grieve to lose all summer joy :
 The birds attempt much to destroy
 The luscious fruit on bending bough.

The grain is wrapped in golden state,
 The farmer laughs, with ruby face,
 Good humour'dly to all with grace
 Who labour for him long and late.

Melodious scythes are heard around
 With rhythmic sweep on cornlands vast ;
 And to man's prowess, keen and fast,
 The rustling grain falls to the ground.

The clouds like snowy islands shine,
 Where torrents mingling silver roar
 Down pastur'd slopes to sandy shore,
 A most elaborate design.

Lift up thine eyes, O man, there's room
 To view victorious beauty, all
 May see it now, it holds in thrall
 A rosy profusion of bloom.

The summer's hush is deep and wide,
The russet ferns are lying dead,
Where the birch's brown robes are spread
Across the path on the hillside.

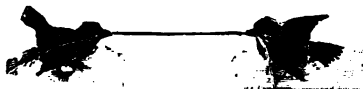
There is the message of lament
In woodland and on purpling hills ;
The streamlets swell the valley's rills ;
The summer's strength is almost spent.

Along the hollow and the slope
The mountain ash is rent and sear'd ;
The grasses, like an old man's beard,
Show us the end to summer's hope.

The hind is up in early morn,
He trusts it like an ancient chart ;
Divorced birds are wide apart,
Except the crows midst stooks of corn.

The beech is all aglow with hue,
And it doth broaden to the sight ;
The lime puts on a sudden light ;
A large red moon climbs eastern blue.

The spirit of the antique time
Sweeps down the world, the hill, and plain ;
And what has been has come again,
Like fashions in the poet's rhyme.





THE FIRST MORN OF OCTOBER.

October, the matron of the year, keeps the golden key which opens
the casket containing life's most precious things.

ABOVE white rocks, and from the world away,
Out into silence and alone I stand :
The opal hues of morn
Are seen across the corn,
And the first sapphire of an autumn day
Emblazon sea and land.

The woods are now in splendour strange and deep,
And there are moralizings manifold
From leaves that seek their graves,
Muffling the river's waves ;
And the sweet winds sing the fair land to sleep ;
The beech puts out its gold.

Winds kiss the blossoms of the golden rod,
Struggling through white mist like a rising star ;
And hope is caught away
When beauty fails to stay,
Born in the old and spacious halls of God,
Crossing the golden bar.

All those who are outworn with sordid cares,
Who drowse and droop in grief or gloom supine,
Away from noisy mirth !
May make a heaven on earth ;
And here is light and joy, all to be theirs,
On Nature's paling line.

Around the village church the swallows slide,
And the swift grey gulls leave the amber shore ;
The rustic comes with song,
Misgivings do not throng
His breast, so early on the brant hillside,
In fields of needed store.

In all the summer time the rose was fair,
And it did not come by an evil chance
Within the garden pale,
A wayward truth, though frail ;
Between the velvet rose-lips fragrant air
Doth sweetly skyward dance.

Here we may rest and watch the day grow old,
In the crisp air which is now cool and still ;
The silvery train of dew
The sunbeams doth pursue,
Gleaming on sheaves which give back sunrise gold
Deep set o'er vale and hill.

In all the long-drawn aisles of autumn woods,
Radiant with glory, early autumn's crown,
Sweetness and beauty blend,
To which there seems no end ;
The golden spells, and which have sprung from buds,
The death glow soon cuts down.

Praise ye the Lord for all these wondrous things ;
Contemplate them as if in a glass—
Those scenes which He has shown,
And all for man alone,
And all the circling glory which He brings
With all the years that pass.





OCTOBER'S TRAGIC SCENE.

The wreck of Autumn reaches at times the inner ear with a strange power, symbolizing humanity passing away.

THE bells of blossom, blue and white,
Crisp wizard winds attune and steal,
And blown from parent stems reveal
A heap, then circle out of sight :

The going hence we feel.

The night grows longer, day more brief,

Much irrevocable splendour dies

Beneath the grey, ungenial skies,

And griev'd, we view the fall of leaf

With keen, reverted eyes.

Afar on outland wastes untrod

The jaded ferns look pale and worn,

And lie amongst coarse grasses, shorn

Of pageant green, on ill-starr'd sod,

Beneath the prickly thorn.

The forest's ancient monarchs touch

The birch, which doth its white arms show,

Midst beauty's tragic overthrow ;

The hours are cheerless, sunless much,

And, like a grey nun, slow.

Furrow'd and fleck'd with shades of light,

Are walnut leaves, and not a few,

And all came when the year was new,

Ere shades come swift to make the night,

And gem the grass with dew.

The ripe dogberries in the hedge,
On acres of a goodly shire,
Look out like dreamy eyes of fire
Across the ditches' dressy sedge,
And milk-white blooms expire.

Where beauty was doth blackness reign
In meadow and the woodland glade;
Through bronze and golden leaves we wade,
And far as the keen eye can strain
Through dappl'd, tangl'd shade.
The stern aspect akin to fear
On Nature's threshold frowns afar,
And the cold blasts and storms which mar
Come howling over hill and mere
To lash all things that are.

Mortals and cattle feel the sting
From bleak, rough winds of hollow sound
Which sweep Creation's utmost bound,
Amidst a weird, vast vanishing
Of green on tree and ground.
We miss the wild wood's suffering choir
Till Spring's return sets all things free—
Child of the wand'ring year, with key
All golden, sadden'd hearts inspire
With joy that is to be.

Huge elms stand dark against the sky,
Their gold and crimson splendours lost,
From leaves the shadowy purple cross'd,
Which once absorb'd the soul and eye,
And which the sunbeams gloss'd.
On stony barrenness we gaze,
Mile after mile, as in a dream,
From bluffy rock to shrunken stream,
With shadowing shroud on dusky braes,
And all a dreary theme.

THE LAST LEAF ON THE ELM.

To find the whitest pearl would immortalise the name of the discoverer, and to find the highest and sublimest pleasure in Nature would be a barrier over which the future poets could not climb.

YET, yet,
Holds commune with the branches bare,
And in the dull November hours
Grim, shadowy stillness breaks, with showers,
Through long-drawn breathings of the night,
When starry fires hold out their light,
And thou art trembling in blank air,
Oft dry and wet.

Leaf, leaf,
Like hope, as vainly brought to birth,
Bound on the stem in the storm's way;
In patience waiting to essay
The last descent, with gallant will,
Down to thy comrades lying still,
For winds to whisper of thy worth
A song of grief.

High, high,
And naked to the stars above,
Ting'd much with russet, gold, and red,
The mournful winds oft pass thy head,
A robe of glorious summer thou,
Alone on the desponding bough,
And closely clings as if in love;
Too soon to die.

Gold, gold,
Has fallen from the sycamore:
A bitter wind goes down the street,
And dreary sounds from passing feet

Are heard, and frost is on the lawn
Which dims the bright eye of the dawn,
And thou and thine are near the shore,
Left in the cold.

Long, long,
Above the branches' breadth and length,
Thou hast sway'd much in days gone by,
Liv'd in the world that's much awry,
Hath pass'd through summer's cloudless morns,
Amid tall thistles, gorse and thorns,
And other leaves excell'd in strength
The boughs among.

Waste, waste,
The summer garments from the tree
Lie on the bank in stuffy heaps,
Where a large drooping willow weeps.
A single leaf made glad Noe's eye—
It told much of the flood gone by—
Brought by the dove, o'er one vast sea,
And much in haste.

Breath, breath,
And much from leaves beneath the feet,
Which make mysterious meanings known,
Not to the poet's soul alone,
Though he interprets bird and brook,
The dawn's white message brings to book,
And reads the leaf when slow to meet
Misprised death.



FROM CLIFF TO SEA.

Autumn, with its rough exterior, for good or ill, is the Prophet
to the Spring.

THE Summer's capering flames
Of flow'rs, with graceful names,
Have fled, on which the eye did so much feast :
A quick'ning sense of pain
We feel from batt'ring rain,
Which falls, like bullets, upon man and beast.

The hectic of the leaves
Has gone, like tawny sheaves,
And songs of thankfulness of reapers cease :
The falt'ring day soon dies,
The curling mists arise
Across the lake, as day's murk doth increase.

Sharp thorns, like prongs of steel,
And which no leaves conceal,
Are found in wild, weird hedgerows in the fields ;
The cock-tail'd wren is seen
The hazel boughs between,
Where chestnut trees have lost their broad green
leaves.

Summer's dominion's fled,
All things declare it dead ;
Dead leaves are lore of days when June was young ;
On birchen black-vein'd strings
The robin blithely sings—
He comes with song and measures often sung.

The squirrel's patt'ring paw—
A wanderer to and fro
And like a frighten'd bird abreast the breeze—
Is heard in quiv'ring air,
A dolorous sound and rare,
With haste and startl'd pace, among the trees.



The rioting gusts and strong
Of passionate winds and long
At sea prevent the close-reef'd sail to land ;
In deep'ning gloom and wail,
And gathering in the gale,
Great billows break and oft along the strand.

Across wild Nature's seal
The trem'lous, cold winds steal
Along the vast and naked world of grey ;
Night's lamps, like amethyst,
Gleam through the azure mist,
Ere the last shred of sunlight dies away.

Unwounded grass and deep,
In field on upland steep,
Is seen in tufted heaps, like dusky gold ;
And near a three-barr'd gate
Two peasant children wait
To pass with eight fat kine from field to fold.

Amid life's storm and calm,
Sometimes a lowly psalm
Swells from the soul full of imprison'd love :
In life's expiring year
Hope's star stands out to cheer,
To dearer echoes of the voice above.

THE GARDEN WITH ORCHARD.

Eden, with its blessings and benefits associated with the immortality which adorned its burnish'd scenes ; in the splendour of its sunshine, under a serene sky ; with life breathing in its winds, flowing in its rivers ; no drudgery, no sorrow ; all things being in harmony and joy, filling the soul with rapture and praise — a lovelier spot than this before me—and yet man fell.

THE mellow time of fruit has come,
Fair summer has laid down her hand,
The gipsy roses when they came,
Like royal ones, were flush'd with flame,
In orchard of a country home,
Whose gate with honeysuckle's spann'd.

It makes the brimming senses swell
To see the peaches in the sun ;
The pears so plump, with shining coats,
Seem ready for the eager throats ;
The boys, true types of those who dwell
In town, would like to filch and run.

The blossoms which the heat has curl'd
Resemble laver wash'd from seas ;
In light and shade, morn, eve, and noon,
Midst perfumes thronged throughout June,
Around the orchard's sunny world
Prime figures gem with gold the trees.

The pale blue violets bloom in spring
Beneath the yew that shades the stream,
And he who owns this boon of rest
May sleep and wake and feel most blest :
The apricots true gospel bring ;
Some with subdued fire gleam.

No wail nor immemorial moan—
And which some day the gods may send—
Is heard midst trailing silver mist ;
Near trellis'd walks winds idly kiss'd
Much fruit abounds ; the winds have blown
Some down, and none foresees an end.

Far from the smoky, gas-lit town,
Beside the barn where grey owls talk,
And which has brav'd a thousand years,
And felt the ancient wild storm's tears,
With many a mild breeze off the down,
There stands a hanging, hollow oak.



The slumbrous bees go much abroad,
Through light and many warps of
shade ;
They make the air feel warm and
glad,
Nigh to the wall with red plums
clad ;
A peasant maiden bears a load
O'er verdant carpet smoothly laid.

The endless lattices of leaves,
Fring'd with the lace brown spiders spun,
Amidst the flowers' healing breath,
And which reprieves an inward death,
Let through the cloud, which breaks and heaves,
The slanting glory of the sun.

My choice would be a spot like this,
And richer joy no one could feel ;
And those who come and falter " Nay "
Are those made out of common clay ;
And who would shun such rural bliss ?
To God's perfections bend and kneel.

IN THE SHADE OF WINTER.

Oh, that we had some one who could and would come forth with
Titan strength, with whip in hand, keen as a winter's cutting
blast, to thrash a thoughtless world.

THE music of all songs has stopp'd,
A minor key is nowhere heard
Across Spring's bed of violets,
And sour'd by Autumn's unregrets
There comes not (where oak leaves have dropp'd
Along the woodland ways) a bird.

Old dreams, and what are they for tears?
The trees are truths, with arms unfurl'd;
The ground has glorious secrets still,
Hidden in woodland, field, and hill:
And they, the mysteries of the years,
Make glad and overcome the world.

The hills their bold enchantments keep
With shadows in the valley's ways;
And when proud crowds of winds draw nigh,
Their frantic wrath thrills earth and sky;
Whose beauty haunts the courts of sleep,
And oft on which we reckless gaze.

With attributes of splendour past,
We look across the summer's grave,
Drap'd in a robe of stainless white;
And in the face of venturous night,
The echoing storms like battle blast
Swerve round and roar with ocean's wave.

Winter, a grey and boding ghost,
With fierce revilings, comes to reign,
Amid much wreck in shapeless forms,
And dented by the teeth of storms;
A merciless, huge, embattled host
Of northern steeds which poets feign.

The rose, with breathing lips and true,
On which we fondly gazed, has gone ;
The daisies wrapp'd in silver lace
Have fled rough winter's close embrace ;
The gardens' sapphire bells of blue
Have left the year to wait, and lone.

The smarting rush of hastening hail
In dim old aisles of Nature rings ;
The fair red rowan's ruby ray
Sheds dreamy light along the way ;
Amid wild issues of the gale
The fearless robin blithely sings.

Sometimes we feel a true lament
When storms in deadliest dread arise,
The works of man and man also
Are crush'd by one tremendous blow ;
The hurrying clouds are fiercely rent,
Mile after mile across dark skies.

The year has closed her lustrous toil
With shining archways hung with fruit ;
And now we have the old once more,
And shivering limbs stand at the door,
For Charity's long arm to coil
Around unchecked want, and mute.



WINTER SUNSET FROM HELM HILLS.

When the Almighty hangs His brilliant pictures outside of Heaven,
causing admiration and praise, what must the splendour of the
inside be?—and “what must it be to be there?”

FAR from the city's noise and grime,
Alone on heathery hills I gaze,
Above the vales that stretch away
From Staveley Fells to Morecambe Bay;
The passionate, earnest eye of Time
Closes a Winter's day of haze,
With the far southern hills clad in his radiant rays.

The light, like angels' wings, soon flies
Above the mountain's azure crest,
And ev'ry deep'ning crimson cloud
Doth round departing splendour crowd;
In long cloud banks, on sunset skies,
Much deep, bright gold, and Nature's best,
Gleams on the bastion cliffs, along the vapoury west.

The grandeur of the earth's reply
Exceeds all sunsets that I've seen:
Long shields of ruddy gold are thrown
Through clouds to carmine glory grown,
O'er slender clues of fog which lie
On wood and meadow stripp'd of green:
All the environ'd air is full of pulsing sheen.

The hillsides studded with the gorse,
And channell'd much with wild storm lines,
Send streamlets forth like silver veins,
And swollen much by recent rains,
Like snakes, steal to the watercourse,
With glittering spikes beneath the pine;
And all with rich suffusion of the sunset shine,

In those dark days of vague regret,
And when the sun is late to rise,
When songs from brush and brake are charms ;
The sun denies the heat which warms ;
We mark the scene, the calm sunset,
Across the wintry land and skies,
And the brief day in deep, unfathom'd silence dies.

“ He who was dead ” made the bright sun :
All power in heaven and earth is His :
To her who touch'd His garment's hem
Was gentle ;—'tis His brightest gem,
Which will endure when time's outrun.
A grand and fiery sunset this,
Emblem of the Sun of Righteousness' supernal bliss.



THE SNOWDROPS.

Purity is unattainable in this life. You may aim at it, and by so doing may produce something worth looking at.

VENT'RED so soon on the Winter's edge,
Viewed by passers-by.
The hills are clad with the dead, dumb snow ;
Shuddering sleet comes with winds that blow
Over the sedge
Where daffodils die.

Beneath a mossy, mould'ring wall
The lovely meet, and mild ;
Away from the noise and gaze of men,
Together they breathe in a wholesome glen
Where ferns and tall
Grace the rocks and wild.

Denied the heat and the sun's full beam,
Out in the land's despair ;
And when the moon is in frosty skies
The rain which fell and had touch'd their eyes,
Like crystals gleam
In the moonlit air.

A frail old man look'd at them through tears,
With body bent and lean,
"A strange, pure whiteness," he said, "they are,
And I to-day had been happier far
Had all my years
To me look'd as clean."

Born in the track of the swirling storm,
Under the hazel boughs,
And cheering the woodland shadows late,
Tiny snow peaks by a five-barr'd gate,
Most rough in form,
To keep out the cows.

The wrathful tempest tries hard and oft,
And would their glory tear.
The beggar is king when he looks at them,
Through emerald veins which they diadem,
Breathing as soft
As the hush of pray'r.

A wizard look doth the valley give,
With crags of dizzy deep ;
Not far from the river's limpid glass,
With silver lustre, midst sombre grass,
They move and live
In the season's sleep.



KENDAL OLD CHURCH YARD.

The graveyard is the place where peace is assured ; the burden of responsibility is cut off from its inhabitants.

BENEATH the mournful foliage of the yew,
Beside dark iron rails I muse to-day ;
Past nameless graves I tread, and not a few,
And whose are they ?

The cells of mould'ring and disjointed urns
Now out of use, past by, and own'd by none,
Are all one level, and have sunk in turns
As years went on.

The stones are falling from a walled tomb ;
It is a long time since they were placed there ;
And no one now can tell when, or by whom,
And none doth care.

A long, thin slab, and by the years made green,
Is placed against the old and grey church wall :
The words, not many, tell us who hath been,
And that is all.

Here is an old brown headstone, brief, and worn
By long exposure to the storm which tears ;
It tells of one who had nigh reach'd the bourne
One hundred years.

All ages here abound, life's different terms
Have been fulfill'd, and all through good and ill ;
And years ago, on most, the revelling worms
Have had their fill.

The few who own'd much broad, ancestral land,
Who sought for rest, oft sought it far and near ;
Vain, vain the search ;—and yet so near at hand—
They found it here.

There would be some one, in long years ago,
Who, doubtless, would walk here with reverent feet,
And when outside have hurried to and fro
Across the street.

And all, like us, would have their hopes and doubts ;
The red, warm blood, like ours, pass'd through their
veins,
And every one would have their ins and outs,
Their joys and pains.

There would be some to seek new scenes and fresh,
And time with them, like us, drag slowly on ;
And perhaps some striv'd hard to please the flesh,
And now there's none.

These huge lime trees which grace the river's brim
May have a secret melody and much in each ;
And may have mixed with each dead human limb
Within their reach.

The grass is short, cropp'd by the white sheep's teeth ;
They feed as safely here as on the fells ;
Unconscious of the orbless skulls beneath,
The clashing bells.

Most bitter tears, long since, have here been shed,
For lov'd ones pass'd away, and they who wept
Have cross'd the bar, and join'd the dreamless dead,
And long have slept.

Along this ground the soul learns speechless things,
And it is laden with most solemn truth :
The maim'd and lame are whole 'neath death's dark
wings,
Old age and youth.

The graves rail'd round, and some are those of Dives,
Are sad mementoes of long years ago ;
Adorned gloom o'er wrecks of human lives
And bygone woe.

The blind adherents of the callous creeds,
The false, mock worshippers of rigid doles
The grave admits, but it shuts out the deeds
And all the souls.

There are a vast amount of blue gravestones,
Some standing, cracked, but there're more laid flat ;
Beneath most of them there are only bones,
And some not that.

Where's now the glory of the rich man's life ?
The giddy round of pleasure has gone past :
The child, the anxious husband, and the wife
Are calmed at last.

Oblivion's eager wings have swept the place :
Where are the prisons of the young and old
Who sought to be the foremost in the race
To clutch at gold ?

Futile the grasp, the labour's unfulfill'd,
The sweaty brow has ceas'd—life's sultry beam—
Time has no rock secure on which to build
The ancient dream.

Ambition, pride, and riches here are none,
The paupers are all equal with the lords ;
The grave takes in no tinsel, only on
The coffin boards.

And beauty, where is it ? The sacrifice
Was great to pin it here, and in cold clay :
This is the end of all, wise and unwise,
After life's play.

Beside the dial's gnomon much I stand,
Nigh to the church of many a nuptial vow :
For centuries this has been a shadow land,
As it is now.

Men's plans and projects all have come to nought ;
 And we to-day do not know who they were ;
 Nor do we know the work which has been wrought
 By him and her.

A solemn hush, a calm deep and profound,
 Where many an unknown generation lies ;
 And when at last the angel's trump shall sound,
 How will they rise ?



NATURE'S MYSTERY.

Nature is the best companion in the world. She is full of vital splendour. To study her is to derive instruction, pleasure, profit, and advantage. If we perfectly understood the construction of flowers, we should be the better acquainted with the mind of the Infinite.

THY works, O God, I do not understand :
 I cannot tell wherefore the rose blooms so,
 Nor how the mystic perfume fills the land :
 I see and use it, and that's all I know.

The bud is formed with a tiny sheath,
 Compress'd in a small space with matchless skill ;
 And it defies king Winter's earnest teeth ;
 The growth gives promise : it is by Thy will.

The dewdrop nestles in the heart of flowers,
 And like a glittering globe, perfect and clear ;
 And though the sun denies the night's dark hours,
 It seeks no aid from kindred dewdrops near.

Fair as the summer skies the lilies bloom,
 Growing midst daisies in the garden plot ;
 Destroying winds presage a coming doom ;
 Death whispers to them ; and we find them not.

We view the west, with burning blushes full ;
The wondrous lengths of clouds stretch far away ;
Soon night's opposing shadow maketh dull
The scene, and all is pallor, ashen grey.

The birds come forth, with wild, inspiring song,
And in our lives they make rough places plain ;
And when the songs are hush'd we may wait long
Before we hear the same old songs again.

Many the scenes in Nature's endless page,
And always shaping, always full of change,
The lower into higher, stage by stage :
Soon beauteous things are shadowy forms and
strange.

Life's evening shadows lengthen one by one,
Strange scenes and thoughts across our pathways
rise ;
The heart has echoes of the long foregone,
And hope's bright star pales on life's dark'ning
skies.



EVENING PICTURES.

ONE PICTURE.

It was evening when the young wife and mother stood upon the beach, waiting for the vessel bearing her long-absent husband from a far-distant land. While within sight, and not far from shore, the vessel struck upon the rocks, and all hands perished before her agonizing gaze. She threw up her arms in wild despair, and cried "O God, so near home, and yet lost."

ANOTHER PICTURE.

ONE gorgeous sheet of flashing gold
 Hangs o'er the vast alien wold,
 The sunset glory fills ;
 The distant windows and church spire
 Look glorious, all ablaze with fire,
 On the wide eastern hills.

The chalk cliffs blush as if with life,
 The black, bare woods look glad, though rife
 With earnest wind-blown trees ;
 The evening star, most brilliant too,
 Gems southern skies, while struggling through
 Red clouds, mov'd by the breeze.

Along the fields of sheep and kine
 The river looks like shining wine,
 Down to the harbour bar ;
 And not far from the mountain pines
 The bird upon the steeple shines,
 Much like a fallen star.

Amid the amber from the noon,
 We trace the horns of the young moon,
 Most beautiful and white ;
 Deep shades are spun upon eve's loom,
 And, like a spirit lost in gloom,
 Day dies with coming night.



THE YEAR'S END.

If our thoughts and actions for one week were written down and shown to us, we would shrink with horror from the first three days' record. Verily, it is said, "There is none righteous ; no, not one."

LIKE an old king, the year lies down to die :
 High hopes were ours when he began to reign ;
 The days went on, like breakers racing by,
 Soon a strange coldness seized all again.

The bells clash in the tower, quaint and square ;
The music flies out on the gale and gust ;
Across the town it goes, through murky air,
And over graveyards which keep "dust to dust."

Out into silence, and with no return,
The failing year goes to the years that be ;
Sad as the barren season is none mourn,
Though it is faint as mist o'er land and sea.

It once made music in the heart to ring,
And now we watch until the end arrives ;
The winds bring change, but they can never bring
The change the year doth bring to many lives.

The year brought with it many blessings, and
Deed link'd w'th wish in new year's light and life :
While blessing we are blest on sea and land ;
It is an echo though midst grief and strife.

Farewell, old year, and now a memory past,
Which came with earnest purpose and to men,
On time's immemorial scroll and vast
Our deeds are written by an unseen pen.

Be this our aim throughout the coming year,
This question ask as dies each little day :
Soul, wilt thou love Him still whom thou holds dear,
And take sweet counsel from Him by the way.



CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is the stamp upon the soul
Made by ourselves, though others see it not,
And if they could it might be a black spot,
And never worth a market price at all.
Now is the time to make it good, or never ;
For after death it is the same forever.

THE FIRST CROCUS.

Beauty without fragrance in the flower is like human greatness
allied to humility.

A SLENDER pillar peeps
And softly draws the eye towards the spot
Where royal golden rod through winter sleeps
Amongst forget-me-not.

A brief expanding fire,
The year's first beauty in the blue mist stands ;
What heart could wish for more or soul desire,
On dull, grey wintry lands ?

Through grainless bars of straw
It pushes sunward to console the gloom :
Insoluble mystery of life, none know
Why it hath come to bloom.

It comes in frosty air,
With breath soft as an echo in the soul ;
And with an emerald wand to give a fair
And graceful nod to all.

And when the rain doth pass
It falls upon the crocus robe to run
Down to the straw, which gleams like burnish'd
brass
In the mild morning sun.

Obedient to the law
Of order, and to Nature's service bound,
And yet in truest freedom it doth grow,
In many gardens found.

A dainty crocus this ;
And when the sun with clouds plays hide and seek,
A hue mounts fairer than on maiden's cheek,
Ere cuckoo scatters bliss.

Joy ever stands close by
The wayside flowers, the small common things,
Cloth'd by the Lord with robes to please the eye,
Purer than those of kings.



THE OLD SEAT BY THE WAY.

Resting by the way in the evening of life, gladdened and filled with bright reflections of years ago, is as the setting sun casting his radiance on the eastern hills from which he first rose.

ON a hillside, beneath the oak,
It stands to harbour leaves and dust,
And has received the tyrant's stroke
From Fate's stern hand, as all things must.

Like all things else, it's had its day,
And like the flowers had to fall ;
The human folk who pass that way
Sit long on it like slaves in thrall.

Torn much and old beyond a doubt :
The lackeys pose like lords anon,
And snatch at hearts of men about,
And often when from sight they've gone.

It often holds fair woman's faith,
Far from the world's roar and rush,
And has had much the tempest's scathe,
A rub with Nature's scouring brush.

The beggar wandering east or west,
With sinking soul, and much in need
Of food and raiment, stops to rest,
With none to know his clique or creed,



IN SHADOWS GREY.

Lingering affliction without Divine consolation is a long, dark shadow hanging over the soul.

THE brooklets fair in sun rays shine,
No filth befouls the stream,
Ambrosial, purer far than wine,
And frothing free,
Past rock and tree,
And where the wild grey curlews scream.

The landscape wakens in the sun,
The shepherd mends his crook ;
The reign of gladness has begun,
Though there's not yet
The violet,
Nor plummy ferns alluring look.

The wind blows keen through woodland drear,
Where winter's tumults rang ;
In howling tempests all could hear
A minor third,
But not a word
To tell where Southey wrote and sang.

Are we the better for the twist,
Or feel a healthier tone ?
The infirm, aged optimist
Knows much and well
The subtle spell,
The cold severe held flesh and blood.

We strove hard 'gainst resistless fate,
With tear drops salt as sea,
The arctic cold, and much of late,
Caus'd many fires,
With keen desires,
The nearest to the heat to be.

Winter, the patriarchal sage,
With halting hopes and fears,
Brought joy; but oftener more of rage;
And men were fond
Of opal pond,
And sought the crystal floor of meres.

The curtain of the twilight slips
Adown the violet skies;
The night gives earth a brief eclipse,
And vernal Spring
Doth new life bring,
While mournful Winter slowly dies.



ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

Living near the heart of Nature is living near an inexhaustible
store of interest which no one has ever been able to fathom.

GULF'D in the glen with shades valerian, and
Far inland where no cruel despots reign,
Whose outrag'd might like tempests move the land,
With suffering wretches in the city's lane.

The greening glories of vibrating pines
Amongst the glossy leaves of oaks abound;
Along brief banks are dots of celandines:
All things much interest bring in woodland found.

Sweet songs of home and love the rustics sing,
In lonely spots beneath the sun and star ;
And here are heard, and no momentary thing,
The sound of bells which ring across the bar.

The wild rose, and, when found, the new-torn bud,
Burst in blossom, and lovely to the eyes ;
We praise it for rich colour, much like blood ;
And here are many, which few care to prize.

Flank'd on each side are dark majestic hills,
A gate stands open, and none should it miss ;
To ponder over here are splashing ghylls—
A fair, sweet-scented, lovely place is this.

The rambles dream who climb the wooded slopes,
Beneath the wings of precipices grey ;
The glorious mountain hollows raise the hopes
Of all who tread where sleeping beauty lay.

The rooks, the farmers' friends, are numerous here,
And, without labour unions, plan and build ;
They keep their pickets, yet none live in fear,
And all are neighbourly, in building skill'd.

An earthly paradise, sublime the scene,
The waving fringes of the knolls are grand ;
A pulsing ocean of the brightest green,
Mysterious beauty glittering in the land.



DAY DREAMS.

DAY dreams are radiant visions of life,
Empty as vanity, ending in naught ;
Illusions in joy, most deceptive in thought,
Like fashion and flare with many hues rife,

SANCTIFIED SORROW.

The dewdrops are formed in the darkness of the night, and when the morning sun bursts upon them they shine like diamonds : so it is with the soul of the true believer in Christ ; when overtaken with sorrow, the tears which are shed gleam as pearls in the courts of heaven.

WE sing redemption's song,
It makes us joyful here ;
And loud the notes prolong
To drive away all fear.

The soul is made to sing,
Midst sorrow sanctified ;
The heart with praise doth ring
Till all are glorified.

Christ heals the hearts that break ;
He will the soul defend ;
And cheers when friends forsake ;
He loves us to the end.

The weakest saints who fall
Are cheer'd when in distress ;
He stands to give to all
A robe of righteousness.

He reigns, the King of Light,
Midst angels wing'd with flame ;
And waits, with patient might,
To bless the meanest name.

The soul He fills with peace,
As with the sun's bright beam ;
He bids the heart's grief cease,
Lit by love's dawning gleam.

THORN CROWNED.

The resurrection of Christ is the receipt to mortals that the debt is paid which the sinner contracted, he being unable to meet the demands of justice. The believer in Christ, accepting the pardon thus offered, is free from the debt, and is at liberty to rejoice, God not demanding a second payment.

I N anguish keen, led by his foes
To keener pangs He did not dread ;
Those who ador'd Him turn'd and fled,
And friendless He to Calvary goes.

He drains the cup of man's despair ;
Most awful are the earth and skies,
And darken'd by the death He dies,
Which men and angels could not bear.

And no one will, nor ever saw,
So vast and grand a sacrifice,
When Christ, forsaken, bleeds and dies
For man, and ends God's fiery law.

What mean the stripes, the thorns, the nails ?
And wherefore is He smitten thus ?
The marks of woe are marks for us,
The soldier's complete spear avails.

It is the ground for rich and poor :
Oh, matchless love ! look, look ! O earth !
And here begins the second birth,
The threshold to Life's golden door.

Here is the fruitage of the vine,
The Rock is here, cleft wide for me,
And I can enter in, and free ;
The Bread and bruised Grape are mine.

Here is the rest-place of the heart,
And here, and without move and noise,
Are found the true and many joys,
The glorious and the better part.

Down from the Cross, the accursed tree,
They take the thorn-crown'd Conqueror down ;
His was a cruel, torturing crown ;
He wore it bravely—and for me !

Great was the theme, stupendous sight,
To pass the dark grave's stately bars,
Hid from the sun and midnight stars :
And He who formed the worlds of light.

The Sacrifice meets all men's needs,
Accepted freely, grace is won ;
All has been done that will be done —
Then why to battle with the creeds ?



THE COTTAGE NEAR THE SANDS.

There is a cherished and sunny spot in almost everyone's life, which is as a golden link connecting the present closely with the past, and cheering many a lone heart in its pilgrimage through time to the great Unseen beyond.

THE dearest spot on earth is where
I sail'd the summer sea ;
And through a scene and prospect fair
Cross'd heathy hills with glee.
The setting sun, the brook, the field,
The corals on the strands,
Are not more fair than that reveal'd—
The cottage near the sands.

The thrush doth sing a summer song,
 A song of life and love ;
 The skylark's trills are sweet and long,
 'Neath bluest skies above ;
 The fairest thing my eye can see,
 In this and other lands,
 And loveliest still on earth to me,
 The cottage near the sands.

The music of the woodland stream
 Awoke the songs of birds ;
 But sweeter far was young love's dream,
 The music of her words.
 When earth was hush'd in soft repose,
 And willows wav'd their wands,
 I sought, where bloom'd life's regal rose,
 The cottage near the sands.

She whom I early sought and found,
 The beauty of her face,
 Did gently every feeling wound,
 With thrilling charm and grace.
 Life has a shadow now with loss
 Of silent voice and hands,
 And other feet the threshold cross
 Of cottage near the sands.



A MAY-DAY DREAM.

It is best to see things as they are ; to see them in any other way, however much we may desire to do so, is only a foolish attempt to deceive ourselves with unreality.

THE rolling firmament again
 Makes glad the hillside, bare and brown ;
 The Queen of Spring resumes her reign,
 With sapphire bells set in her crown.
 How soft the lap of Nature feels,
 And Winter's barrenness conceals.

Let thanks arise for such a gift,
Sagacious spirits know no bars ;
The lark is up in cloud and rift,
With song, ere morning hides her stars :
The green felicity of lanes
Has charms for jaded hearts and brains.

The primrose peeps from flat and slope,
And bids the ash put out its green ;
There is, and much distinctive, scope
For gifted minds from the fair scene :
We trust and watch the flowers blow,
And almost hear the grasses grow.

The hawthorn's fleeting feathery white,
The sunset's amber dash'd with gold,
Are more than grandeur to the sight ;
These are God's hues which we behold.
The rook laughs in her clam'rous tongue
For hours together with her young.

The weeds of gloom are miss'd again,
Grim draperies of the winter gone ;
The songs of peace, sung after pain,
Are heard from glad bird's one by one :
The man and maid leave ingle nook
For pleasant paths by field and brook.

Winter is hard, and so is bone—
There is the marrow underneath ;
The green grass thrives beside the stone
And will in time make couchy heath ;
The elm, as if it had not been
Once black, assumes a tender green.

There is much movement now : a hum
Issues from greening bush and brake ;
Like faintest music it doth come,
The silent chords of life awake :
The soul is stirr'd ; it starts to sing,
With sense of May-time and of spring.

Man has a vested interest in
 The sylvan wilderness and hill ;
 The city's grime he leaves, and din,
 For peaceful strolls by wood and rill ;
 The calm, transparent air is sweet
 From flowers growing 'neath his feet.

We speak of conquest, but there's none
 To equal that of merry May ;
 The march of triumph still goes on,
 And floral beauties lead the way :
 The fibre of man's being's stirr'd
 With rural scene and singing bird.

Sweet vales of earth, with gladness full,
 Fill home and hearts with joy and praise ;
 The ocean's pebbly shore can lull
 The world's great soul when passion plays.
 Man comes with zest to view and probe
 Old Nature in her ethereal robe.



TO A RURAL PARSON.

It is pleasant and interesting to listen to an able and earnest preacher, who, having much fire in his sermon, is careful not to burn anybody but the devil.

OF faiths there are many—which faith is the best ?
 'Tis said this and that one's the haven of rest ;
 God's Word it is now into many parts splinter'd,
 Or, rather, the Gospel's by many sects tinctur'd ;
 The ground is ill-trodden, it is in and out,
 To wrestle with cowardly, sinewy doubt.
 There're many who speak of the pearl unpric'd ;
 To know the true worth is to go back to Christ.

Judicious instructors to just and unjust
Are the real essential teachers to trust ;
When sadness has seized a deep soul they try
To pull out the beam that has fix'd in the eye.
God mingles the sweet with the bitter in life ;
Corrupt are the people, and sin it is rife ;
To spare it in silence, you surely must know
An accomplice unto it you are, not a foe.

Old sermons re-preached, though gifted the pen,
'Tis not the right way to go fishing for men :
Large hearts are the best for the Church to expand ;
They sow the seed well with a generous hand.
Of virtues, and twenty you may have or had,
If one is defective the others are bad.
You may preach much for years and not gain a
soul ;
If grace has no culture then dead is the whole.

When faith goes before there is feeling behind ;
The masses are won not by rating mankind.
The way of indifference, formal and cold,
Leads not to green pastures nor into the fold.
If preachers act coldly, they then must expect
Their hearers will manage themselves to protect.
Love to God, love to men, when linked together,
They produce the tie to keep in foul weather.

To speak much 'bout Scripture, repentance, and
pray'r,
The enemy of souls for such does not care ;
A creed may be good, but a creed will not save ;
Take sinners to Christ, then the devil will rave.
To the weaklings be mild, explain much and clear,
Strike bravely, only to wolves be severe ;
The ways of the many sometimes view and mark ;
There're sly ones called Christians who prowl in the
dark.

To parsons I've listen'd, and will do again,
 There're many who fail to turn loafers to men ;
 'Tis wholesome to deal with the faults that abound ;
 Develop in preaching what's best and most sound.
 In language and loud some seem to rejoice,
 A stridency often impart to the voice ;
 'Tend well to the word in obedience to keep,
 And have a quick eye on the Church's black sheep.

Thank God, there are preachers courageous and true,
 And yet, be it said, of the stamp there are few
 Who speak out the consonants clearly and loud,
 The vowels themselves sound plain to the crowd.
 A grating, sprigg'd theme is of no use at all ;
 Your logic or taste you may throw to the wall.
 There're many who relish, when rightly prefix'd,
 Good sense in the sermon, with wide knowledge
 mix'd.



FALSITY.

True friends, like green bays, though they grow old, ever please
 and seem ever young, and when unavoidably removed from us for
 a short time to a distance, they touch a tender chord in our
 hearts arousing old memories.

A PHILISTINE he surely is,
 One of tomahawk style,
 Who would all good intentions quiz,
 Nor feel it all the while.
 And those who wallow much in whim
 Are noodles in a mist ;
 If they succeed the chance is slim,
 And it is all a twist.

I am no sage, nor am I bard,
 I write finical verse ;
 And if sometimes I do hit hard,
 I might, and could, hit worse.

And though I've won no palm or bay,
I do not poke at fun,
Nor do I pass my life away
With bogus bomb and gun.

I like a friend, true and brimful
Of friendship's rich, warm blood,
One who could mimic old John Bull,
And free from draggled mud.
And though I am set up like bronze,
Not large nor lithe in limb,
A friend, through fortune's pros and cons,
I'll always welcome him.



WORN OUT.

Young man, take care of your health and money ; else should you reach old age, you may find it not pleasant to have to eat grass after the horse.

TIME flies ! he only knows how fast
Who feels the march of years,
His mem'ry scans the lengthy past
To find relief in tears.
With liberal health from early youth,
He serv'd, to fad and whim,
A lordling—now he knows in truth
No further use for him.

He is too weak his own to hold,
Yet throws his hate about ;
He might a thousand truths unfold,
There's not the slightest doubt.
He is outside life's eager rush,
One time was to the fore ;
He serv'd himself, but ah, the crush !
He serv'd a master more.

And when worn out with age and work,
 Of hard times much he knew ;
 He who no honest toil did shirk,
 Hired for a weekly "screw."
 Talk only is like sparks in deeds,
 The world is stiff and stern,
 When it's too late to till the seeds,
 It hunts him much in turn.

He feels like one turn'd out to grass,
 Life has no future tense ;
 And sighs to think—and sighs, alas !
 There is no recompense.
 Without a roof to save his head,
 In quick, indecent haste,
 Into a workhouse he is led—
 Not suited to his taste.



JUNE.

The high pressure brought to bear upon present-day life is such that the joy, with its roseate light, derived from the millions of combinations in Nature through which we pass, seems to get lost in the rush of existence.

WHILE blossoms smile in many gardens now,
 Fair Spring is fast and far upon her way ;
 The fresh green leaves are seen on every bough,
 The daisies crowd the side of fell and brae :
 The rose has come, the fragrant leaves unfold ;
 June is the heiress to the Age of Gold.

The voice of Spring woos man to roam the hills ;
 He wakes, and recollects his far-gone times :
 Much gold has dropped from the daffodils :
 We catch the move-like cadence from the rhymes,
 The brodered skirts of softly-singing brooks
 Beside the water mill : — how fair all looks !

The breezy fields, and they like fairy homes,
Have wondrous carpeting of brilliant flowers ;
The cascade glitters, and it leaps and foams,
Across the rocks and under leafy bowers :
We mark the shades thrown from the willows' sighs,
And listen much to graceful sunset skies.



The swallows dip their wings in golden light,
And fly in traceless circles through the air ;
The day soon ripples into cooling night,
And veils the landscape dress'd in green, and fair ;
The blackbird's roundelay is heard, and sweet,
Amongst the shadows, with their dancing feet.

Less grow the vocal sounds in bush and tree ;
It is the bright glad time for mountaineers :
The cornfields wave and much with welcome glee,
While larks are soaring to their native spheres :
The marsh with golden flower rays is crown'd,
Amidst a vernal paradise around.

Vast are the trophies from the sway of Spring
On which the nations gaze and have to share ;
She yields enough for every living thing,
And man might oftener breathe a thankful prayer,
And when she has done much good work and gone
Bright Summer bears the vital splendour on.

Like foregone Springs, to sleep and long repose,
Amidst her unresisting charms and gay,
Back into mem'ry like a dream she goes,
Wafting the breath of roses in her way.
Smiling supreme, refulgent Summer reigns ;
Her joy stirs meadows, woodlands, hills, and plains.

IN A DESERT LAND.

TUNE—"Vile I to the fountain fly."

I N a desert land and weary,
Bruis'd and torn, for help I call :
Much temptation overtakes me,
With the evil oft I fall :
I am nothing,
Trusting in my strength alone.

Sin and danger are before me,
Midst confusion much I stand ;
Homeless, friendless, without shelter,
In a dry and weary land ;
Blown and tossed
By the winds that move along.

Waiting much, with anxious longing
For the sound of coming feet ;
And the world is growing weary,
While the pulses quickly beat ;
Striving ever,
Sore bewilder'd, lost in doubt.

Wounded by the fall and wayworn,
Faint and thirsty all the day ;
I am helpless, heavy laden,
By the maelstrom swept away ;
Always longing
For the brightness of His face.

Wonder, joy, and adoration
Banish doubt and faith restore ;
When I turn to Calvary's mountain,
View the mangled Christ in gore :
He is precious !
With his stripes I'm safely heal'd,



THE BLIND POET TO HIS WIFE.

Depriv'd of vision, in a wide, wide world,
The night is long that falls upon the soul.
It shuts the outer scenes of life from view ;
The bright and beautiful are unobserv'd.
The soul makes for itself a world, but it
Is dark and starless, without morning skies.

TAKE me into the fields awhile,
I want to hear the streams ;
The sun is out, I know he is,
I feel his cheering beams.
My sightless eyes will not again
Behold the birds so gay ;
Their music, which is ever sweet,
Will fill my soul to-day.

I cannot see the passing clouds,
But I can feel the showers,
And you can lead me to the place,
To kiss the lips of flowers.
A gentle breeze is up, and it
Will waft perfumes along,
And will be a delight to me
In vernal scenes among.

The bridge from which I view'd the sun—
The setting sun of old—
I linger'd long and saw him set
In amber and in gold.
Take me to that bright spot of earth,
The bridge of years ago ;
With face towards the west, my soul
With joy will overflow,

There is the stile where first I met
 With you, when young and fair ;
 It would awake a tender chord
 If I once more was there.
 In mem'ry's hall portraits illumine
 The dark night of the soul ;
 With grateful heart, and you to bless,
 I press towards the goal.



LIVING THOUGHTS.

Life is a problem unexplain'd ;
 It ever will remain unsolv'd :
 Man cannot understand himself,
 And none can teach him what he is.
 Fate lurks on all sides on his path ;
 It may in moments unforeseen
 Blow out at once the light of life :
 Rekindle it, no power can.
 Man feels and fears a future state,
 From whence no traveller ever comes
 To tell him what there is beyond
 The border of the shadow land.

HERE, has it not already been ?
 Life is through various glasses seen ;
 The soul's material body stands,
 The house of earth, on sinking sands.
 Men make a lever, and then try
 To crush a brother mortal by.

Truth never shows a marred line ;
 It is illustrious and divine ;
 Few diamonds are perfectly pure—
 They may cause joy, but not more sure
 Than truth, a finish'd beauty, and
 The same in every age and land.

Wrath, wildly spoken, turns the soil
Of good intentions meant to toil.
An action pure—a lustrous pearl—
Gleams much amidst life's ocean swirl :
No lasting pleasure can be gain'd
Till sacrifice of self's attain'd.

The various liveries of life
Are stript away amidst the strife.
In spite of power labour gives,
The hydra of the world yet lives ;
The tinsel'd titles mortals hold
Melt into haze like fairy gold.

There's nothing new beneath the sun ;
The world rolls on, as it hath done ;
And we have still, whatever thrills,
The same blue sky, the same green hills ;
The same wind blows, the same rain weeps,
And where the great Napoleon sleeps.



S L E E P.

There is a deeper sleep than that of the body ; it is the sleep of the immortal soul, regardless and indifferent to its eternal welfare ; and to many, when the great journey of life is ended, there will be a most terrific awakening.

The soul, all eye and ear, will gaze
Upon a wasted, misspent life.
“ Remembrance dire of what it was,
Of what it might and now have been,
With bitter sense of where it is ”
Will sting the conscience to the quick,
When heaven and all its joys are lost.
This is the worm that never dies,
And it will keep the soul awake
Forever and forever.

SLEEP, like an angel, watches as we lie,
 Sorrow and joy she seals with a mild kiss ;
 Grateful and welcome unto all she is,
 On unseen pinions she to us doth fly.

Beneath her sheltering wing there is much peace,
 And blest forgetfulness comes unto all ;
 She seals the eyes oft when the tear floods fall ;
 The whirl of life is hush'd, it's tumults cease.

Upon the fever'd brow her soft hands press ;
 She bids the heart-sick watch no more in vain ;
 And anxious longings leave the busy brain,
 And weary eyes are closed with mild caress.

Immense thy favours are, most gentle sleep ;
 The sleep of labouring man is sweet till morn,
 And he awakes, refresh'd with joy new-born,
 The mourner's heart awhile doth cease to weep.

The mother's lips are mute when she doth peep
 Into the room, her heart brimful of joy,
 She softly treads and goes towards her boy,
 To kiss her darling who has gone to sleep.

Sleep, it is life's elixir, none denies ;
 And she is called the sister of grim death ;
 And she is like him, yet she has a breath ;
 Lapped round in meaningless dreams the body lies.



DEATH.

The death of the body is its rest till the resurrection ; the soul
 that passes into eternity, "dead in trespasses and sin" is in a
 most dreadful state, ever remaining the same in irretrievable woe.

Hope has vanished, never to return,
 Mercy no more holds out her hand to save ;
 Repentance seizes the remorseful soul,
 But all in vain—too late ! too late ! lost ! lost !
 "Forever wasting, yet enduring still ;
 Dying perpetually, yet never dead,"

THE golden aims of life are gone for aye,
And those who sleep awake again to mourn :
But, death, thy visit knows of no return,
Sown in God's acre and in hope they lay.

In death He giveth His beloved rest,
Calm is the beating brow and labouring breath :
The limbs repose in the last sleep call'd death,
And sorrow frets not in the world-worn breast.

The eyes are closed at last and cease to weep,
The burden'd heart its many cares forego ;
The tale of life is as a tale of woe,
And death we know is but a longer sleep.

Think you that the black knight doth envy me ?
Old Death, Sleep's twin-brother, hovers nigh ;
Ever beneath his bold impassive eye,
Most certainly I feel my destiny.

Flow'r crown'd when the immortal flame has fled ;
In the still chamber it is pressing gloom ;
To gaze where hands are crossed for the tomb,
And mortals pause beside the silent dead.

For aught we know when viewing him or her
Whose cheeks are chang'd, whose hands and
heart are still,
The soul just gone may now a bright seat fill,
To be elsewhere an angel minister.



THE VIOLET.

There is a lesson in the common flowers ;
 Lowly, simple, and they beautify the
 Earth's unlovely places with untrain'd blooms.
 Such gracious growths make bright the stony soil ;
 They choose the world's waste-ground to make it fair.
 Sweetness and grace is ever theirs to give
 To all who choose to listen unto them.

WEARY and worn, one evening I sat down
 Beneath the bending willows green and fair,
 The viewless wind was sounding in the air,
 The carved clouds had not begun to frown.

Near me, afar from noisy haunts of men,
 A violet grew, flow'r of the poet's choice—
 The dignity of man makes man rejoice—
 And few have shar'd such joy as I felt then.

Majestic sweep of undulating hills,
 Aspects of loveliness how manifold ;
 The pomp of summer landscape, deck'd in gold,
 Makes men anew, their hearts with joy infils.

Unspeakable delight it is to me
 To spend a vacant hour where violets grow ;
 Perfumes of flowers from the pastures flow,
 The daisy chains slope gently o'er the lea.

The tender fires of dawn attract, and they
 Like gorgeous hues of sunset fill the eye
 With awe, and who can pass the violet by
 Without one thought, nor view it on their way.

Spring, with its mystery of life,
 The rainbow scarfing the retreating cloud ;
 The iris gleaming in the dewdrop crowd ;
 Poetic minds ; all are with beauty rife,

A claim the violet has upon us, and
Though sweetly small, yet it much joy accords
To some who view it, and it is the Lord's ;
He speaks, and flowers come at His command.



THE SABBATH MORN.

The Sabbath strengthens and encourages the Christian. It brings him golden opportunities to refresh his soul, which has become parched by its six days' contact with the world.

A MOST delightful calm reigns everywhere ;
The old mill in the vale stands still to-day,
The artisan has put his tools away,
With thoughts of rest and peace, and less of care.

It smiles on all, and, like an angel fair,
The Sabbath comes to heal the souls that pray ;
Across life's path it sheds a lustrous ray,
Much grief subsides in which all have a share.

To those who strive the Better Land to gain,
It lulls the storm in many a troubl'd breast ;
The world's great throbbing heart cools down to rest,
The Sabbath peace makes glad the toil-worn swain.

The Sabbath, with its blessings and repose,
With many joys, and to the pensive mind,
Opens the source of joys the most refin'd,
Imparts a healing balm to all our woes.

On life's wild waste a resting place like this,
When care, and grief, and pain may sleep awhile,
And infelt joy assume her wonted smile,
It is the prelude to the realms of bliss.

Millions of thankful hearts are glad to-day ;
 The world can neither give nor understand
 The peace that rests upon the sea and land ;
 It cheers the pilgrim on his heavenward way.

The door of ev'ry fane stands open wide ;
 The faithful bell does not forget to toll ;
 The house of pray'r has room enough for all,
 A hearty welcome is prepar'd inside.

Most noble boon, it is for you and me ;
 The gift is vast, and like the mighty Sun
 Of Righteousness, its course will ever run
 Throughout the ages of eternity.



THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

The sweetest thing in life is love ; and when two hearts are bound together by it, the frowns and coldness of the world will not lessen the gentleness of its language and the sweetness of its devotion.

YOUNG Ned went out alone one night,
 To court some lass went he ;
 Ere long fair Emma burst in sight,
 A buxom wench was she :
 To him she was such a surprise,
 He stood stock still to view ;
 She own'd two laughing, piercing eyes,
 And cheeks of flaming hue.

Their eyes soon met—it was enough ;
 She'd cut his heart right through ;
 Though it was made of tender stuff,
 It was both warm and true.
 He press'd his suit, and she at first
 Reject'd him with disdain :
 " I will," he said, " though for the worst,
 Present myself again."

The next time when he met her was
Beside the linden tree ;
“ How do,” said he, “ my bonnie lass,
You are the one for me.”
She blush'd and turn'd her head awry,
Her heart was thrill'd with joy ;
Before much time had rolled by,
They both were kind and coy.

The source of true love hath a bend,
It prov'd so in this case ;
Divided hopes attachment rend,
Fate doth much joy displace.
A mandate much against his mind
Was sent to him one day ;
In haste he left his love behind,
For foreign lands away.

Years rolled on, no news e'er came
From Ned across the brine ;
She liv'd and hoped still the same ;
She did not fret nor pine.
A summer heart hath many joys ;
It sings when no one's nigh ;
It cares not for the world's noise,
And lets its griefs go by.

One eve, and it was autumn tide,
The leaves were brown and gold,
The grain upon the mountain side
Was mown by young and old ;
A man cross'd o'er the village green—
It made him glad once more—
And no one knew that they had seen
The sunburnt face before.

With eager stump and thump-a-bump
He pegged through the town ;
Upon his side a round, hard lump
He had, unmelted down:

At last he reach'd the rural cot,
The place of years ago ;
" It is," he said, " the same old spot ;
This gate how well I know."

He thought : " I wonder if she's there ;
I hope she is not dead ;
If in, and single, what a stare
She'll give her long lost Ned.
She will behold me with surprise,
She'll wonder much at me :
I'll go and look into her eyes,
If I her face can see."

A gentle knock he gave the door,
And soon before him stood
A female, and she eyed him o'er
As best her vision could.
He gaz'd, she gaz'd ; he thought he knew
It was the same old face ;
And to the door he nearer drew,
To scan once more the place.

He spoke : she instantly held out
Her hand for Ned to clasp ;
He did so without fear or doubt,
And held it in his grasp.
" Ah, me," he said, " I know you now,"
His soul soon fill'd with joy ;
" I come with much change on my brow ;
My love has no alloy."

Time flew along with merry wings,
Their hearts grew young again ;
He'd brought her some most curious things
From lands beyond the main.
Sad were the tales she had to hear—
She heard with moisten'd eye ;
And yet to her he was as dear
As in the days gone by.

One morning brought a smiling sky
 With not a frowning cloud ;
 Stout gossips could not tell for why
 The bells rung out so loud.
 The news got out ere morn had gone,
 The news was good and true,
 That Ned and Emma were as one,
 And like them there are few.

The past was buried and forgot,
 Each did for each the best ;
 Throughout the village there is not
 A snugger, cosier nest.
 And should you search the land around,
 Search it both near and far,
 A happier couple's nowhere found
 Than Ned and Emma are.



H A Y T I M E.

Auld Ben was eighty-three last week ;
 Neea doot it's true he knaas
 Hoo things were done i' days lang sen :
 Just watch him hoo he maas.
 He doesn't deea like thee ner me,
 Theear's neea sic workers noo :
 He'll set tha a capper any day ;
 He'll larn tha hoo to ploo.

BROAD shoulder'd men, with sinews true as steel,
 Strain ev'ry muscle, and with season'd strength
 Mow side by side, and cut the grass at length,
 Not heeding aches, or caring how they feel.

Midst fallen grass each stalwart mower stands,
 Valiant and vigorous and most stern of will,
 Whetting their scythes ere they go down the hill,
 With knotty limbs and with implicit hands.

The question is not what each has to do ;
They know their work, and it is done with might,
From early morning until late at night—
A great deal of good work each man gets through.

The swaths are spread by a few girls and boys,
Who sometimes bury each beneath the grass ;
The laugh is loud between each lad and lass,
And no one envies them their summer joys.

The old brown bottle stands beside the gate,
The men know where, and what there is inside ;
It acts like magic, and with crested pride
The heated toilers on themselves do wait.

With rake in hands young maidens with the men
Turn round the grass, receiving smile and wink ;
And not one seems to have much time to think ;
While making hay in a most lov'ly glen.

The weather is sunny and all things go well ;
The hay's soon ready for the farmer's wain ;
The cocks are laid up, and there's been no rain :
The wain goes rumbling on the stony fell.

And now there is to be a festival,
The hay is hous'd, the farmer's glad, and brings
And spreads the festive board with life's good
things,
There is much joy and praise in the Old Hall.





EVENING IN MARCH.

Sweet is the balm night brings for pain ;
This day will never dawn again ;
Its joys are gone forever.

SOBER and mild around me falls the night,
The weary spirit finds a source of ease ;
There is a solace in the flowing breeze,
Much joy comes with the slow decreasing light.

A tender joy of sunset calm and fair,
With length'ning shadows falling on the fells,
And, with the drooping twilight, vesper bells
Ring out the hour of peacefulness and prayer.

Across the high white cliffs that top the sea,
The setting sun leaves a long primrose bar,
And tranquil night sends forth her first faint star
Above the waves that murmur ceaselessly.

This, then, is Nature's most entrancing hour,
The waning of the western skies disclose
To all the solace of a vast repose,
Night ever is the firm compelling power.

A few bright flecks of colour greet the eye,
As feathers shed from some bright island bird,
Falling away by lightest breeze unstirr'd,
Such fading splendour fills the western sky.

Night is a friend that rights the whole day's wrong,
It touches all those garmented in grey :
Hark ! from the thicket where he dream'd all day
Trills fast the ousel Nature's evensong.

THE COTTAGE ON THE CLIFF.

The everlasting hills—those stupendous works of God—may be likened unto romantic documents which are full of thrilling interest to all thoughtful readers.

HIGH in immortal air it stands,
'Tis seen for miles away ;
Seafaring men from alien lands
Know it across the bay.
No greening elms are growing there ;
It is a wild, bare place :
The house contains, and, oh, so fair,
A form of queenly grace.

If she could have been won with swords,
Swords would have oft been broke ;
And if love had ten thousand words,
They would have all been spoke :
A word from her, and it meant much,
And though it had meant death,
Men would have gladly leaped at such,
And kiss'd it into breath.

In her calm presence there is thought,
It purifies, refines ;
Man trusts, believes her as he ought,
His will to her resigns.
A rare one, such as she, doth leaven
Life's wintry way and drear ;
A fresh and gracious boon from heaven,
To glad our lower sphere.

Spell-bound upon the cliff above—
The oceans flow and ebb —
Man lingers much in mystic love,
Entangled in its web.
She is a blessing to her race,
And many climb the hill,
And all who see her pleasant face,
Of beauty drink their fill.

Above the long, grey rocky shore
There is no secret strife ;
And though the winds play evermore,
There's more of perfect life ;
Man lists as to an old refrain ;
He feels her words like fire ;
To win her efforts have prov'd vain ;
Yet passion does not tire.

In all men's ways there is the shade
Before his temp'ral eyes ;
Desire and love in mists are made,
Life's utmost splendour dies.
When day-dreams come, they come at length
Amidst disturbing din,
And when the soul is shorn of strength
It lets the angel in.

The blaze of pageant and of art
Are blossoms but to die ;
Her words are few, but they impart
The language of a sigh ;
The cliff boasts not of herd or flock,
Nor pastures vast as fair :
She is the spirit of the rock ;
And man ! oh, man, beware ! .



MORNING AT WINDERMERE.

The round sun gilds the east again ;
The scene is not confin'd to kings,
The loveliness is mine to-day.
The winds make music in the pines,
And break the sleep of the bright lake.
And this is the Windermere of old,
The wholesome altar Nature built.
No work of beauty equals this,
The everlasting hills afar,
Whose heads are crown'd with feath'ry clouds,
They thrill the judging intellect,

A DEATHLY whiteness crowns hills in the North ;
Old Autumn hangs his linen on the trees ;
And from the far unfathom'd sunrise seas,
With golden spears, the king of day comes forth.

Here in the solemn solitude of morn,
I gaze on the white wilderness and see
The purely realistic crag and tree,
Which leave no space for fancy to adorn.

Our knowledge runs apace to grasp the scene,
The wildness and the grandeur hereabout—
Gigantic minds have tried to trace it out—
Which lie before us in the morning sheen.

The scene before me it is rare and grand :
Obstructing hillsides, though they bar the way
Of keen, unaided vision, are to-day
In Nature's death great themes for heart and hand.



And nestling in the hollow, and asleep,
The classic Lake of Windermere is found,
With summer glory marr'd, and not a sound
Escapes the glassy water, long and deep.

Simple and lowly, yet with pleasant face,
Choosing the rough road-way to make it fair,
A drift of daisies is seen here and there :
Such gracious growths embellish a fair place.

Morning was welcom'd, as it moved on,
The dawn light stirr'd the splendour on each hill ;
The sunny village looked bright and still,
Full of associations of years ago.



THE SILVER WEDDING.

The silver wedding brings its cares,
The golden brings its silver hairs.

A GAIN the shepherd climb'd the fells,
Beneath the snow-clouds' pallid cells ;
He walked fast beneath white rocks,
Up devious paths to reach the flocks.
Anon the bells rang loud—they roar'd—
Their tongues tumultuous music pour'd ;
The echoes on the old hills leapt,
Whose sides the wild winds roughly swept :
"Yon true old bells," said he, "I know
Rang five-and-twenty years ago."

With quick'ning pace he left the hills,
He cross'd the gorge and brawling rills :
The reeling bells shook the grey tower ;
All hearts were held by music's power.
The stress of care flew with the wind,
While he recall'd the days behind :
His thoughts were in the time gone by,
When he to her his life did tie,
Who fills the home away below,
Made five-and-twenty years ago.

"What mean yon bells," he said to her,
 "Whose chimes all hearts so lively stir?
 Are they the cause of wholesome glee
 To those who now, like you and me,
 Their past survey with glowing heart?
 If so, may each bear well his part;
 There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
 But we have not yet had one slip;
 This day shall then with joy o'erflow
 Like five-and-twenty years ago."

Each bade a few tried friends withal
 To share their homely festival,
 Greeting from tongue to tongue was toss'd,
 Unheeding realms of snow and frost;
 The yule log crackl'd wondrous bright,
 And all join'd in the wild delight.
 Sweet time seem'd brief—the brimming bowl
 Was quaff'd by ev'ry joyous soul:
 All wish'd the pair, with ringing cheers,
 Another five-and-twenty years.



KENDAL AULD BRIGG.

The rude old bridge reminds me much,
 At least it should do, and that we
 Are crossing the Old Bridge of Time
 Into eternity.

IN the dark past, the Kent's bright water's shone,
 Like rolling silver in the gleaming sun;
 Between uneven banks the clear streams run,
 And did ere bridge arose stone upon stone.

To span the river it has arches three,
 The road is narrow and the ledges low;
 An unique bridge it is of long ago,
 With blue stone seats on either side and free.

To-day it is a grim, rough structure, and
Large freights of human beings cross the span :
If it could speak of times the pack-horse ran
Strange would the tales be which it might command.

The stress of torrents in their wildest form,
And casual winds with harsh cold rains and white,
Dash oft against it, spending rage and might :
It still defies the thund'ring, threat'ning storm.

The streams are Nature's priesthood, night and day,
In her vast temple, and are ever found
Kneeling upon the stones the year around ;
The rushing river murmurs on its way.

There's not a line to-day to tell us why
It is call'd Nether Bridge, or by whom call'd :
We only know that one time it was toll'd,
And it was straiter once in years ago.



ON A SUDDEN DEATH.

We are on our way to the darkness of the grave ; birth is the starting point of this forced march, and there is no stopping till the goal is reached—then beyond is the judgment bar of God.

THE march of death is ever and unheard,
Sometimes it comes so swift it will not wait ;
The soul seems suddenly to burst its sheath ;
The severance in thought and sympathy is great.

The heart is cut beneath unpitying skies,
To part with those who have been known so long ;
They seem to be a portion of ourselves ;
The surging shock of death is rough and strong.

Who can forbear to shed a tear or two
When one bright link has snapp'd asunder, and
A genial soul has taken wing from earth,
And gone before us to the shadow land.

It takes a long, long time to heal the breach
With its stupendous might, that rent in twain
The heart, whose hopes like ornaments are worn,
And the broad bruise on it will long remain.

The forest gloom, with its deep, breathless hush,
We take it as it is and heed not much ;
But when death from its hidden distance comes
To cut a bright life down we feel the touch.

Go where we will, there always is the spot
Where death has been and left behind his trace ;
The beauteous rose is not without a thorn,
And a bright home has oft a wan, pale face.

Beneath the sod he lies in dreamless sleep ;
The winds will kiss the mound so green and soft ;
And those he left behind in sorrow will
Tread lightly near his cold, strait bed, and oft.



THE DEAD LAUREATE.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

BORN AUGUST 5, 1809 ; DIED OCTOBER 6, 1892.

When genius strikes the harp, producing music in the soul suitable to the tastes of all, it takes a long time before the last sound dies away.

GONE is the soul of sweetest song !
His fame has reach'd the world around ;
He left behind more than he found ;
He has invested much and long :
And those who knew his bold, frank face
Do miss him now in the old place.

His words have touch'd the toiling crew ;
The lustrous laurels gleam afar,
The radiance white this side the bar
Shines pure and full to not a few ;
He truly hit the public taste,
And hush'd wild hearts on life's wild waste.

Of evening's softening gold he sung,
And English landscape, rough and fair ;
He made the sea yield music rare
To wond'ring minds, to old and young ;
All hearts were thrill'd ; and with his wand
Charm'd lily-laden lotus land.

A shining troop he made of things
That no one else did nor could see—
A mellow, measur'd might had he ;
For ev'ry song with echo springs,
And wood, and wold, and orchard lawn
Are flush'd with splendour like the dawn.

The baseness of the world he shook,
And it was not before the time :
His limpid lays and glittering rhyme
Have brought the world's stout hearts to book.
His keen, grave eye and gracious brow
Are in repose and silence now.

The future years—the far and dim—
Will have his manly music still :
Imperial pæans always will
Come from the Nation's heart for him :
We greatly love the light afar,
Now piloted beyond the bar.

We share his glory and his fame ;
His splendid lines to us belong—
The sparkling verse, the lord of song ;
The great among the great we claim :
Patriot passion Shakespeare starts,
But Tennyson cuts through all hearts.

And far beyond the ruling sea
 There will be tongues his name to tell—
 Of twilight and of evening bell
 He wrote and sung for you and me :
 Old England mourns her noble son,
 With faultless bays, and all well won.



RETURN OF THE CUCKOO.

The song birds everywhere are still
 While cuckoo sings from hill to hill,
 Foretelling summer time.
 The peasant boy enjoys the song,
 The old folks in the dales among
 Talk of the cheering chime.

ONCE more the cuckoo comes with eager wing
 From sunny lands beyond the yeasty main ;
 His voice is heard in Westmorland again,
 Whose song so loud makes ev'ry valley ring.

Much joy the minstrel of a thousand isles
 Brings with his universal song to-day ;
 The music borne upon the breeze away
 Is faintly heard in the dim, distant miles.

The woodlands, meadows, lofty hills invite
 The gazer's eye o'er tracts of freshest green ;
 The shades of lordly limes enrich the scene,
 The cuckoo is to-day the sole delight.

The old man stands to hear the well-known song,
 It thrills the bosom of the wond'ring child—
 Eright as the sun, as soft'ning zephyrs mild—
 And in the poet's soul it lingers long.

Much change has overtaken me and mine ;
Proud kings have laid their earthly sceptres by,
And like their subjects have been called to die,
Since last the cuckoo graced yon mountain pine.

O happy bird of sweet and transient reign !
Mid these wild hills the busy hosts make room
For joyous comers, when grim winter's gloom
Has vanish'd, and thy voice is heard again.



CHANGE.

Change is a universal power that is continually operating upon all material objects. By it the kingdoms and empires of the earth rise and fall ; and should it cease, annihilation would be unknown.

BETWEEN the bud and falling of the leaf
Thousands of mortals come and pass away ;
The young and ripe in years have had their day ;
Heavy with darkness, time yields much rough grief.

The dreams of splendour perish in a night,
The sound of mourning drifteth to and fro ;
The wave of sorrow touches high and low ;
God gives us tears sometimes to clear our sight.

Hope's azure sky we try much to ascend ;
We climb from thought to thought, stair after stair ;
Sometimes we want to hide from locust care,
To halt and see if we our lives can't mend.

Wearied with daily toil, and sad at heart,
The way before us seemeth lone and long,
And yet we tread on midst life's motley throng,
And in the world we ever bear a part.



LINGERING BY THE SEA.

The sound of the sea never dies ; its voice is not uttered at random, nor is it silenced by the winds. The stout, brave hearts of warriors and kings faint and tremble in its awful presence ; and when it rises in its angry might, gallant vessels, with their trappings of war, often sink beneath its wrath, and their horror-struck crews are hurled to destruction amongst the seething billows.

MOST lov'ly sunset, ample and so rare :
The west is gilded with the purest gold ;
The hills to the south-west do now unfold
Attractive English woodlands, and how fair !

The air is cold, perfectly dry, and still ;
The sound of horses were heard much to-day ;
They munch their barley in the usual way,
Not far from here, close by the grey old mill.

Pure joy and lofty thought to-day are mine,
The eves of long ago come back again,
When I look much across the great flat plain
Encinctur'd by the flood of wholesome brine.

This scene will pass away, but not forgot ;
It doth remind me of a heavenlier home ;
And while I gaze across the white, calm foam,
The gentleness of God rests on this spot.

And changeless and eternal are the rocks
On which I stand and view the earth and sky ;
The beautiful is here that thrills the eye,
The fleecy shell-like clouds no sea-wind mocks.

The evening comes upon me as in yore :
The little wooden house with shutters green —
It is a feast of beauty always seen,
And graced by many-—it is near the shore.

I pencil these few lines while on the sands :
The sky is all one simmering sea of light,
And strangely fascinating falls the night,
With rest and ease for weary hearts and hands.



ODE TO THE SUN IN SUMMER.

The mysterious "In the beginning" is wholly incapable of being solved. Science absolutely refuses to recognise any solution. It stretches its amplitude of space beyond all finite power to follow. It is beyond the last outpost of physical research. The Mosaic account gives no definite information as to WHEN the sun was first placed in the centre of the solar system with its retinue of revolving adherents. For any thing that we know to the contrary, it may have existed millions of centuries. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" (Gen. i. 1) is as incomprehensible as "In the beginning was the Word" (John i. 1.) Research brings us face to face with an Inscrutable Power, whose ways are past finding out.

HOW shall I praise thee, day's illustrious king !
Around thy throne meridian splendours glow ;
Alone in grandeur, thou, with flaming wing,
Or fiery beams, illumines all things below ;
When in unfathom'd deeps of cloudless sky
The flowers know much joy from thee is won ;
The cherries blush and ripen 'neath thine eye,
Sun, sun !

The bright, light birds in thy fair presence sing ;
The cornfields green laugh with their slim, straight
spears,

And far above the secret woodlands ring

The skylarks' songs, so sweet to listening ears.

How shall I speak of thy bright festal rays ?

Through countless ages they have shone and run :

I will praise thee and much whom all things praise,
Sun, sun !

The breath of roses scents thy golden noon,

Led by a welcome train of vernal hours ;

The sunfill'd days are e'er a dearest boon

To hedgerows gay with wild rose guerdon'd bowers.

Made by His hands of heaven's brightest gold,

Long, long before man's web of life was spun

Thy arms reach'd other worlds to us untold,

Sun, sun !

Wrapped in their golden robes across the lea,

The buttercups beneath thy charms expand ;

And when thy glare is felt much, oft we see

In the calm river cows for coolness stand.

The daisies, with their starry eyes, look gay

Upon the lawn, midst children making fun ;

Man looks to thee to dry and crisp the hay,

Sun, sun !

The pendent globes of fruit in orchards swell

Beneath thy ancient, heavenly alchemy ;

The shades are pleasant in the sylvan dell,

When whispering warm winds sing a lullaby.

Thy bright beams make the rainbow's glorious form,

Scarfing the clouds above earth's black and dun,

Long bars of flame are sent across the storm,

Sun, sun !

As golden now as on Creation's morn,

And all the living things thy splendours hail ;

Thy sister moon thou dost with light adorn,

Oft ev'ry cloudlet seems a silver veil.

Far down in ocean sandstone caves doth shine
Thy round gold eye, and which we do not shun,
And other distant, unknown worlds are thine,
Sun, sun !

Fair is the view, and where the haven lies,
Seen far away and from wild alien strands,
The clouds in lov'ly hues delight men's eyes
When thou goes down to crimson, sunset lands :
Night hangs her black veil, and earth mourns for
thee,
Till in the east 'tis seen dawn has begun,
And He who made and guides thee cares for me !
Sun, sun !



JULY AT OLD HUTTON.

Nature is as full of mystery as she is of pleasure to the thoughtful mind ; and notwithstanding all that has been said about her by poets, philosophers, and preachers, she remains an inexhaustible theme for pen and tongue ; and in the far future men of intellect and research will still be discovering her hidden treasures.

THROUGH toil to life's supremest spot
Far from the greed of mortals, and
The scorn of fate and time I've got,
Where earliest snowdrops deck the land.

Across the fields of dewy white,
And sweeter than Italia's wines,
Grey linnets sing—a crowning height
Of joy—beside the bramble vines.

The secret wood with song resounds,
Like distant chimes across the snow ;
Quick are the squirrel's airy bounds
Where Bela's crystal waters flow.

The greenest verdure crowns the hills,
The fairest spot of summer time ;
A rippling laugh comes from the rills,
And while the year's in golden prime.

The seat set firm in deepest shade,
It is with vernal splendour gay ;
To rest 'tis sweet in bowery glade,
Though violets find their graves to-day.

The old world is so fresh and young,
In a deep sea of simm'ring heat ;
And truth and beauty highly strung
In thought and vision nobly meet.

Man treads the precincts of July,
He calls these lov'ly things his own ;
And many come to hover nigh
The poet's adoration throne.

The white curl'd petals of the rose,
Like sacred ivory dot the ground ;
Much joy, and which no monarch knows,
Is felt where cold winds lately frown'd.

Beneath the oaks' embossing boughs,
The forest's patriarchs and fair,
A crowd of simple, honest cows
Stand in the shade in cooling air.

Embrac'd by hills, midst shelt'ring trees,
Far, far from mansions vast and grand ;
Much peace I find 'mongst birds and bees,
And in my native Westmorland.





THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.

WINDERMERE, SEPT. 21, 1892.

A shining sea doth stretch above the hills,
The waves of light fall on the silver sand,
Where a small stream breaks forth in murmurs bland
Beside me, and I hear its ceaseless trills.

A SCENE is here, surprising splendour reigns!
There is no name for the bright slender lines
That cross the west above the mountain pines,
The crags glow a deep red upon the plains.

Leaning against white rocks with tufts of green,
Westward I gaze with gladd'ning, restless eyes :
Across the dimming hills the gold mist lies,
The purple dressing of the fells is seen.

The forted crowns of huge, steep Langdale fells,
Like grand old pyramids and skyward piled,
Display dark blotches on their sides so wild,
Ungraced by varied foxgloves soundless bells.

The silver threads upon the golden sea
Do much adorn the bright, smooth evening brow ;
And in the sweet, calm hush of silence now
The spirit feels celestial grace and free.

No ripples stir the white lake's graceful breast,
A filmy haze but makes it look more fair,
Whereon the boats are sleeping here and there ;
The silent waters gently dream and rest.

In tangledom of bramble, grass, and fern,
I am not friendless, viewing sunset skies ;
To tell the fulness of the glad surprise
Words fail just now ; there is so much to learn.

The blissful light of manhood soon goes by,
Its luring sun goes to a far-off clime ;
Age creeps apace ; it is life's twilight time,
And shadows deepen on its evening sky.

The sunset after a prolonged storm
Portrays a scene on life's deep, windy main ;
After the sunshine, tempest, and the rain
We mourn the setting of a useful form.



FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship between two persons, unless it reaches the heart and influences the mind, is a failure.

FRRIENDSHIP ! I love the name ; but then
Where are the friends ? and who are they ?
With eager feet I tread life's way,
To find a true one amongst men.

There may be some, midst life's cold shift,
To steer by, like a gleaming star,
But, ah, the brightest gleam afar,
The false ones are an idle drift.

How often in the way of life,
And at the thought of doing good,
We fail to find true brotherhood ;
We live too near awakening strife.

A noble, true, and honest heart,
A heart of which the poets dream
Is rare ; some are not what they seem,
Like earth and sky, are wide apart.

Man is perverse through his own will,
Through his own will is often blind ;
His will's a slave, base and unkind,
A desert wild made wilder still.

Two friends, like travellers on a road,
Oft view the world with different eyes,
The one longs much for heaven-blue skies,
The other's glad with earth's abode.

A friend a mental stim'lant is,
And like a wedding march whose song
Makes glad the weary soul, and long—
A rare foretaste of heaven's bliss.



HOME AT LAST.

For a brief space of time man is tossed on the billows of the sea of life ; it is vast and boundless, and no one knows its shores. Its sands are ever shifting and varying. The true Christian, piloted by the Captain of his Salvation, passes safely over the waves into the sinless and cloudless region beyond, which is invisible to mortal eye.

NO more we grasp his kindly hand,
Held out by him, a friend and brother ;
We might tread much this desert land
Before we meet with such another.

We knew him long, and lov'd him much,
And many were the ties that bound us ;
We always kept in friendly touch,
Whatever might be passing round us,

His way through life was not all joy,
 Full often did its thorns beset him,
 But such could not his peace destroy ;
 He bravely fought the ills that met him.

Through shade and sunshine he has pass'd
 A lifetime mix'd with joy and sorrow ;
 While others would have been o'ercast,
 He always could sweet comfort borrow.

A foeman came he could not quell ;
 His kindly soul was beaten under ;
 And all whom he had lov'd so well,
 Yea, they and he were torn asunder.

They gently laid him in the tomb,
 And many eyes around were weeping ;
 The mem'ry of the just doth bloom
 Above the grave where he is sleeping.

And when the flowers gently wave,
 E'en then there will be tongues to tell us
 There lies the good, the kind, the brave,
 One of the best of Nature's fellows !



A SUNSET CALM.

The scene is broken now and then by the rippling of the black
 wings of the silent rooks passing over the hills.

HOW fine, how beautiful, how grand,
 The sunset scene, most calm and fair !
 The sun has left his impress there
 Above the land,

Across the landscape all is still
Except the silv'ry babbling brook,
Whose waters kiss the ferny nook
Beneath the hill.

The rosy hues, while daylight dies,
The traveller views them on his way ;
His soul is fix'd on the display
Of sunset skies.

The harvesters stand still to view
The matchless folds of shining train ;
They drop the sheaves of golden grain—
There's something new.

The graceful scene, not one half told,
Burns the smooth brow of sable night,
While mild, thin clouds pass into white
From wavy gold.

The sight most glorious fills the eyes
And heart with joy : my soul doth wait
To enter through the golden gate
To Paradise.



IN BIRCHEN GLADES.

There is much harshness in the woods just now,
The simple sweetest of the birds is hush'd,
The fragrant fruitfulness of fields has gone
Like lovely visions in a fairy dream.

THE roses do not gleam nor glow,
The fragrant visions of delight are past,
And Autumn, with her head bent low,
Stands bare, and murmurs in the wintry blast.
Grace-breathing lilacs, quaint and rare,
Have vanish'd like the lilies fair,

Wild Autumn winds blow cold and drear
 Adown the birchen glades where silence broods,
 O'er hill and plain, afar and near ;
 And summer's glory has gone from the woods :
 Beneath the cloudy, storm-rent sky
 The misty hills in silence lie.

The boughs are nude from spray to spray ;
 Gone is the fragile splendour of the larch,
 Gone is the light of summer's day :
 All things proclaim King Winter's on the march.
 No sound of bird along the brake,
 Save from wild fowls on sedgy lake.

The pink-vein'd anemones were dead
 Ere shone the radiance of the summer's noon ;
 The stars a greater lustre shed
 Amid the blazoning of the autumn noon,
 And summer, with her blossoming,
 Hath died, as dies each lovely thing.

The steeple of the village fane
 Points ever heavenward through hazy air—
 Through deep'ning shadows and through rain,
 To cloudless skies and landscapes over there :
 O for a sight of the calm strand,
 The fadeless, sinless Glory Land !



THE ROSE OF THE DYING YEAR.

It is a beautiful and thrilling picture in Nature to find a rose
 lingering in the bitterness and poverty of autumn, inviting
 attention and wafting its delicious perfume to every passer-by.

BY gentle hands nail'd 'gainst the wall,
 It is the gaze of eager eyes ;
 And safely it has pass'd through all
 The threats of Autumn's restless skies ;
 Admir'd within its native bowers,
 Denied the ranks of fresh-cut flowers,

Across the wood that drapes the hill,
Beside the lake that draws the sun,
Most strangely sweet the robin's trill
Doth with the chilly breezes run :
The lonely rose, so chaste and fair,
Breathes pure and sweet in languid air.

Fit gem to deck a bride or queen,
And it is lovelier far to-day
Than roses in the summer seen
That bloom'd, and sigh'd, and pass'd away.
We greet it much for the rare bloom,
So fresh in Autumn's matin gloom.

Nature displays one graceful gem
From Summer's flow'ry jewell'd crown :
Go, lov'ly rose, rest thou with them,
And face not surly Winter's frown !
This life is not all bright employ,
We've sorrow oftener far than joy.

The night moths have not marr'd the rose,
Nor touch'd it with their dusky wings ;
It moves beneath the crimson haws
In fairer robes than worn by kings.
Like a true friend, it doth appear
To stay much with the dying year.



AUTUMN SUNSET.

FROM CASTLE GREEN, KENDAL, OCT. 8, 1892.

On a round hill with flow'ry top
A beauteous mansion stands in view,
Behind it there's a sheltering wood
That keeps the storm fiend much at bay.
In front are hilly fields of green

O'er which the peaceful cattle graze,
 With oak and ash trees here and there ;
 And on the right, not far away,
 The Castle's spectral form is seen.
 Arcadian beauty smiles around,
 Content and freedom reign in full ;
 The western hills are fair to view,
 Whose bowery shades and pastur'd slopes
 Do give a general sum of joy ;
 And when the sun has reach'd those hills
 He gives them one long shower of gold.
 The lingering splendour from the sun
 Fills ev'ry heart and eye with bliss,
 And night brings forth her countless gems
 Of glittering stars when clouds are far.

THE sun has reach'd the goal at which he aim'd ;
 A jubilee he gives, delight acute ;
 While man is praising God, the birds are mute,
 And heaven's great pictures hang, and never fram'd.

Above the fair, green earth a glory's hung,
 A glory never chorused in song ;
 The deepest silence reigns the woods among :
 Here is an Autumn sunset never sung.

The narrow life of thought and care dies now,
 Intense and lurid beauty fills the sky,
 And all God's soulless things are glad, and I
 Delight to read the skies on night's fair brow.

The opening gate of Paradise is there !
 A tinge of splendour from the far green land !
 The pearly rose-edged clouds in amber stand ;—
 One almost dreams, it looks so passing fair.

In the deep watches of this calm, fair eve
 God whispers low ; it is to you and me :
 Through the frail flesh we can the Godhead see,
 The evening doth a web of splendour weave,

What shall I leave behind when life is done ?
What landmark plant upon the shores of time ?
Shall it be lines for theme or song sublime ?
Will there be light with life's brief setting sun ?

The deep'ning twilight brings the evening star,
And after that there is the stern, vast dark :
Shall I have much good light when I embark
Upon deep waters and to cross the bar ?



SONG OF THE STREAMLET.

The streamlet is a portion of Nature into which all may look with pleasure ; and how refreshing its pure water is to the thirsty traveller !

HIGH up on a hill, like a long silver vein,
I gleam in all seasons—oft wax and oft wane.
The herdsmen are shelter'd at night on the wold ;
But I am unshielded, yet never look old.

Near whisp'ring cornfields sometimes I am seen ;
The grass on my margin's a beautiful green ;
Down in the lone valley where bells are not heard,
I'm worshipped often by man, beast, and bird.

My cool, curling ripples, half-hidden sometimes
Beneath gadding brambles are songs without rhymes ;
The playing of shadows and frail, virgin snow
Fall gently upon me when biting winds blow.

Like a spirit unrestful, I move night and day,
I'm lost ere I've reach'd the sea's azure bay :
My crystalline nectar's as free as the air,
And ev'ryone's welcome to take a large share.



TO LITTLE JOHNNIE.

A GRANDCHILD.

Lively and talkative children are as beautiful flowers in the desert ;
they gladden the heart even amid sombre surroundings. A
sweet-tempered, obedient child brings joy and happiness to home,
be it in palace or cottage.

THE path you tread to-day is fair,
With lov'ly flowers all around ;
With you there is no restless care,
Life's early music yet doth sound :
Much joy is yours and sense of pain,
Which touch and thrill each pulsing vein.

The hands of angels guide you now
Along the paths of coral bowers ;
A royal king, a master thou,
In home's fair realms, both thine and ours.
No shadows dim thy life's blue sky—
Stains of the years that have pass'd by.

Weary the march, and long the way,
Before you reach my snowy years ;
Through chilling winters, cold and grey,
With aches and heavy loads and tears :
Yet you may fail to reach the spot,
The misty peak to where I've got.

But should you reach my desert land,
You'll find that I have long since gone ;
And those who now around you stand
Will have departed, one by one ;
Freed from this brief life's crush and scorn,
At rest within the final bourne,

You are to-day a priceless boon ;
Thought with you hath not ample scope.
Home's fairest flower ! to fade too soon ;
A mother's lively star of hope !
Love, with her wings of gold, draws nigh
And lights a father's watchful eye.

The further on life's road you go,
The more you mingle with mankind,
Its joys will briefer seem, and woe
Will oftener come, and you will find
This life is earnest ; it is real ;
Much adverse wrong it doth reveal.

Youth's heyday season soon is o'er,
Brief is the space of manhood's prime ;
Too soon we reach a colder shore
Than that we trod in childhood's time :
Few are the days of social joys,
Light soon goes out when age annoys.



CHRISTMAS BELLS ACROSS THE LAND.

Across high hills and valleys low,
Across the streams, across the air,
There comes to-night faint music rare—
A banneret flaps, cold breezes blow ;
We pass through doles of joy and pain,
Back to the same old lives again.

AROUND us Christmas glee again is flying,
And since the last much change has come to
some ;
The sounds of bells, just when the year is dying,
Across the dreary, misty landscape come.

In the calm evening hour, so lightly pealing,
From far across the silent, wintry woods,
Excessive music of the bells is stealing
In sweetest melody, in trembling floods.

Across the land much joy the bells are flinging,
Through bow'ry hollows doth the music roll :
Now faint, now fierce, the pleasant bells are ringing,
And, like great hope, illumine the hearts of all.

We listen long, as to an old, old story,
The plaint of fond regret and care forego ;
And o'er the hills, with day's declining glory,
Inspiring strains of mellow music flow.

Round the old hills and seaward rolls the chiming,
The leaping music reaches grave and gay :
In breezy realms our thoughts are ever climbing,
Till Christmas mirth and greeting die away.

The weary heart of half its load is lighten'd
At Christmas, and we laugh with merry eyes ;
Truly with heaven's peace all hearts are brighten'd,
And mortals loudly knock at Paradise.

Ring on ! ye bells ! your tones are gently falling,
Like silver rustles in the air to me :
O may we hear those bells whose chimes are rolling
For ever o'er the calm, Eternal Sea !



GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City."—REV. xxii. 14.

LIKE all the worthy saints of old,
Himself denied ;
He toil'd much for the Shepherd's fold
On ev'ry side.

Drape ye the home where he hath been !
The threshold cross'd,
His tall, familiar form was seen,
And now is lost.

He stood and bravely fought for man—
Goodwill he taught ;
No tongue, nor pen, nor people can
Tell all he wrought.

He, like an altar-twining rose,
Touch'd all with grace ;
Large-hearted was he to the close
Of life's brief race.

His marv'llous love for man was deep ;
He sought to tell :
His eyes are clos'd in saintly sleep—
He sleepeth well !

The champion bold of pray'rs and alms
We miss to-day ;
The sweetness as of chanted psalms
Has gone for aye.

Though grac'd with honour, wealth, and pow'r,
He toil'd for all ;
His worth, like fragrance round the flow'r,
Afar doth roll.

At home with Christ in Paradise,
With calmer brow,
He rests, unseen by mortal eyes—
We miss him now.



THE WARSHIP IN A TORNADO.

“Thou rulest the raging of the sea ; when the waters thereof arise,
thou stillest them.”—PSALM lxxxix. 9.

THY ways, O God, are marvellous, and
Who dare withstand Thy awful blasts,
Which wake the fury of the seas,
Rous'd into wild and frantic foam
By winds that rend stupendous clouds,
With night array'd in blackest dress,
Pierc'd by the lightning's burning bars,
Amid the fierce tornado which
Strikes mankind into shuddering awe ?
Thy justice makes the world turn pale :
The stout, brave hearts of warriors sink
When loud, terrific thunder breaks
And crashes through the floor of heaven.
The deaf'ning peals sound miles away,
And the harsh storm descends upon
The armed fleet of royalty,
Borne down upon the surges, and
That carries war to smite a foe,
A city, or invade a realm.
On angry billows the vast hulks
Are whirl'd like straw upon the waves ;
The sails are rent like spiders' webs ;
The masts are snapt asunder, and
Are slung from creaking, reeling decks
Downward into unfathom'd gulfs.
The instruments of war, and all
Their hosts array'd in trappings of
The battlefield, are whelm'd like chaff,
And dashed dead upon the rocks.
In awe the nations then stand still,
And pause awhile from cruel war :
And man, who dreads the booming storm,
Admits there is an Unseen Hand
That shapes the destinies of men.

SONG OF THE MISSEL THRUSH.

The missel thrush is English born,
And sings when some birds will not do ;
It often builds in an old thorn,
And stays with us the Winter through.

MY life is not all dream-tale fair,
Though I may sing a golden song ;
I do not with the bee compare,
Providing for the winter long :
Through summer's light and shade I roam,
And throughout winter have no home.

Bless'd with a free and tender heart
Which beats and throbs with painful life,
I often bear a brother's smart
When one is worsted in the strife :
'Tis hard to view a mate in grief,
'Tis harder still when no relief.

The rough romance of landscape here
Is brush'd by many a valiant breeze ;
The sense of freedom yields no fear
To range among these country trees :
Amongst them I was born in June,
Which sets a million sounds atunè.

In soft brown coat and speckl'd vest,
I sing in a tall pine to-day ;
And I am near my old grey nest,
Built in the vernal crowning May :
The trees are bare and drap'd in gloom,
Which girdles a bright flow'r-fill'd room.

The thoughts of home excites a pang,
It wrings the heart when all are gone ;
Long strings of em'rald ivy hang
O'er my old home, observ'd by none :
I'd rather grace old England's strand
Than wing to fair Italia's land.

I own no instinct for the shores
 Of distant countries ; nor care I
 About the tempest when it roars
 Across a wintry, English sky :
 Strenuous action e'er is mine,
 And lofty throne in a Scotch pine.



TO THE PRIMROSE.

The primrose — common, uncultured, and wild ; yet sweet and beautiful—has become an emblem of greatness through its connection with the name of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who was an ardent lover of the simple flower.

FAIR harbinger of flowery spring !
 I hail thee once again !
 Most welcome is thy blossoming
 In Winter's sable reign !

Thy censer it is large to-day
 Beneath storm-rolling cloud ;
 The moonstreaks often peep and play
 Across thy yellow shroud.

The eastern breeze it is unkind,
 With ever varying sky ;
 Yet, in thy humble sphere, resign'd,
 Thou bloomest blithesomely.

The leaves are dank, blown far and wide,
Which golden Autumn gave ;
Amongst them thou art, and beside
The river's wand'ring wave.

Far in the winding vale and wild,
Where Nature's bald and grey,
Thou art the pet of man and child
From thymy turf away.

Sometimes there's joy in common things,
And thou dost much unfold,
Ere swallows come with glossy wings
And daffodils with gold.

The aged they feel young once more
When they behold thy face :
Childhood is rambl'd wildly o'er
Through many a sunny place.

I look : and there doth greet the eye,
While drowsy day expires,
A primrose bar upon the sky,
Midst evening's ruby fires !



THE OLD WOOD PATH.

It is a solemn march, and yet
A glorious privilege, to tread
The old wood path beneath the hills.
Unbidden guests will ever find
An ample feast spread out for all,
Which never leaves a sting behind.

BENEATH the limestone scar,
The old path leads into a flow'ry lea,
From which there is a broad view of the sea
Gleaming afar.

Those who withdraw awhile
In silence from the living and the dead,
Midst pensive quietness, see mildly shed
Spring's early smile.

In sunny April eve,
Beneath a branching elm on hilly ground,
The modest violet's tiny bell is found :
I'm loath to leave !

Beneath a few sparse trees,
Which dapple the wild hill slope with their shade,
The primrose censers here are big, and sway'd
By the sea breeze.

On tamer levels rise
The bluebells, thickly strewn, whose lov'ly hue
Doth rival heaven's bright, delicious blue
On cloudless skies.

In the tall, lordly ash
The throstle sings the lofty boughs among ;
His eyes while he trills out his evening song
Like jewels flash.

From rugged grandeur rare,
Above the old path and the girdling wood,
Where eager feet have climb'd and often stood,
The scene is fair.

There are two old rough gates,
One at each end of the old wild wood lane ;
Upon the bars are carved deep and plain
Odd names and dates.

Here is the shady oak,
Which shields us from the heat in summer noon :
The rustics do revisit late and soon
The old wood walk.



THE
THROSTLE'S
SONG.

The thristles are my old historians ;
Bright lines and pictures from the past they bring :
The first long chapters of the tales were written
Beneath the budding greenness of life's spring.

THERE is in the village a tree by the church ;
It stands in a corner where shrubs fringe the
walk ;
A bold thristle doth on a beechen twig perch :
The boughs of the beech touch those of an oak.
'Tis evening, and tenderly calm wraps the scene ;
The bird sings alone on the beechen tree top :
With song he makes up for the pause that hath been,
And while he is singing I frequently stop.
Sing on, happy bird, I delight in thy lay !
It wafts my thoughts back to a long ago day !

Thy kindred I've heard in the long ago days,
One sang in the willows which grew on the moor,
Another 'mongst firs on the soft, heathy braes,
And one in an ash which shaded our door.
I roam through the past like a child in full play ;
In fancy I traverse the bright scenes once more :
I live in the past when I hear thy sweet lay,
And ramble with glee through the green fields of
yore.
Sing on, happy bird, I delight in thy lay !
It wafts my thoughts back to a long ago day !

I know the old path through the field on the fell,
 The elm is cut down where thy kindred once sung ;
 They sang there each spring, and I know the place
 well,
 Much change has been wrought since the time I was
 young ;
 White hope has deceived since life I began,
 And clouds without warning have blacken'd the
 skies :
 The pathways are many from boyhood to man.
 Dear minstrel of woodlands, thy song never dies !
 Sing on, happy bird, I delight in thy lay !
 It wafts my thoughts back to a long ago day !



SONG OF THE SKYLARK.

The skylark builds its nest low down on the ground, but rises
 heavenward as it trills its incomparable melody. The true
 Christian, though meek and lowly in heart, looks upward and
 heavenward as he sings his song of praise.

I HAVE two homes : one on the ground,
 The other in the distant skies ;
 My purest joy is when I'm bound
 For Paradise.

I view earth's graceful splendours rise
 Whenever heavenward I go ;
 I see the ocean, vast in size,
 Far down below.

When far upon the brow of day,
 Above the mere and tangled brake,
 Like snow on flowers, I melt away,
 With song awake,

My song is like a silver bar
Struck by a keen and master hand ;
It is the sweetest heard afar
Above the land.

Amongst the rainbow's glorious frills,
An evening guest, I sing unseen ;
My drink is from the rushy rills
Of silv'ry sheen.

From small things joy oft comes to birth :
I am a little bird, and He
Who made and guides this wondrous earth
Cares much for me.

With grateful heart I heavenward gaze,
And in my Maker's presence wait ;
My thanks I give, in songs of praise,
At heaven's gate !



ON WESTMORLAND FELLS.

I linger much on breezy hills ;
Each scene my soul with gladness fills ;
The woodlands call, the shadows flee,
The sun comes golden from the sea.
The amethyst and ruby dyes
Flit often over sunset skies ;
The hills are oft aflame with glow,
Which spreads a silv'ry haze below.

UNDER laburnum's gold
I find myself ; here is a stream in tune,
And in full gladness in the vernal June,
Near a monastic mansion old,

The air is mild and free ;
The hills, like lofty hopes, are multiplied,
And the white rocks, beneath whose shade I glide,
Look solemn, like the solemn sea.

The daisies ope their eyes,
Along the path of the green, gladsome dale,
And, in the absence of the swerving gale,
Delicious are the azure skies.

Ye purple moors, how grand
The harvest of your fleeting beauty lies
'Neath snowy islands of the clouds in skies,
O'er fearsome cliffs of Westmorland.

The gorgeous robe of Spring
With mingled beauty stretches everywhere ;
Ambrosial mists float in the simm'ring air ;
Near me the willow tassels swing.

Transient to the eye,
A peaceful splendour comes with awful night :
Artist and poet might revel in the sight
From sifting moods of sunset sky.

The fast-receding west
Is full of radiant gold, with twilight star ;
The evening's pure, fierce splendours gleam afar
Above the hills in summer's best.

The birds have ceas'd their strains,
Man's eye alone of earthly creatures now
Admires the grandeur upon night's fair brow,
And an inglorious silence reigns.





A BRIDAL LAY.

H.R.H. DUKE OF YORK AND
H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK,
JULY 6, 1893.

RING out your sweetest chimes, ye bells !
Let ev'ry one know what's to do !
Ring long and loud in wood-fring'd dells,
Across the land the nation through !
To-day a Royal man and maid
Are join'd in marriage, after shade.

Myriads of hearts are glad to-day,
Approaching love is glorified,
And eager feet move light and gay
For Bridegroom and for Royal Bride :
The laughing little god has come ;
He gladdens ev'ry humble home.

Life always has a threat'ning hour ;
Joy is the sweetest after pain :
Fate seem'd unkind to give the show'r,
Bright sunshine has come after rain :
The maids and mothers swell the song
Of gladness, countless crowds among.

All eyes towards the pair are fix'd,
To the young Duke and Princess May :
The brightest blossoms, thickly mix'd,
Are strewn across their path to-day :
And may the nation never see
Their lives stain'd by impurity

By field, and wood, and lovely plain,
 And on a thousand village greens,
 The old and young, with glad refrain,
 Join in the festive, joyous scenes:
 Thousands of martial trumpets blare,
 And flags wave high in summer air.

May each do deeds both good and great,
 In love and sympathy of heart ;
 And act to those in low estate
 A brother and a sister's part ;
 Then future generations e'er
 Will bless the union ev'rywhere.



AFTER THE WEDDING.

The good and the wise are the true nobility of earth. They exercise a social, benevolent, and religious spirit, which is a boon to mankind, and they co-operate with God's providence in promoting the highest happiness of his creatures.

ON Hymen's legal path
 Bridegroom and Bride each hath
 New life begun :
 The bond with flow'rs is twin'd,
 And flutt'ring Love is shrin'd,
 Arousing all mankind—
 Father and son.

Heirs of our royal race,
 Who have won sov'reign grace
 From high and low :
 May each have strength to stand,
 Be it on sea or land !
 To go on hand in hand
 To life's white snow !

Rich blessings, sweet and rare,
Borne on the summer air,
 To each go forth :
Greetings from far and wide,
From hearts to love allied,
Fly over land and tide,
 From south and north !

Old England's white, fair Rose—
And everybody knows—
 Hath chosen well ;
For her and hers we pray,
They're in our hearts to-day,
The names of George and May
 We love to tell !

Joy rests on flushing sands,
And Love hath beck'ning hands ;
 May theirs be pure !
As crowds to cities pour,
Midst room for more and more,
May each full cup run o'er,
 Long to endure !

He who wore robe of scorn
And crown of twisted thorn,
 We look to Him !
To grant His people peace,
To grow and to increase ;
His love doth never cease,
 Nor yet grows dim !

God save the Royal pair,
Make each thy special care ;
 To Thee we call !
Thou who dost reign alone,
To Thee all hearts are known,
Seal both in truth Thine own,
 And bless us all !



HUMILITY.

Many persons in humble circumstances possess intellects which, if circumstances had favoured their development, would have placed them in honourable positions in the commonwealth. Gold by refining becomes more brilliant.

In the Westmorland Dialect.

I KNAA of a man wha is crafty, and he
Dwells under a moontain beside a yak tree ;
When worn wi' hard wark at the top end o' t' day
Then yamward he treeads, breet thowts cheer his way.
Theear's comfort and warmth at his aan fireside
That maks his yam breeter than o' t' spots beside.
His lile uns leek oot for his coming at neet,
They run oot to meet him wi' glee when i' seet.

When t' supper time's ower and t' things put away,
He sits doon i' comfort to watch t' lile uns play ;
Their innocent prattle, their laughter and fun
He loves, and it soothes him when t' day's wark is
done ;

They chatter aroond him, oft roond him they cram,
He nivver feels pleasure like this when fra yam ;
His day's wark is hard, he seean forgits a'
At neet, when at yam, wi' lile May, Sall, an' Joe.

When t' larking times gone and it's time for upstairs,
They kneel roond their mother and lisp childish
prayers :

He hears them when praying, it thrills him wi' joy,
It tak's him away to his days when a boy—
His aan mother taught him to pray on her knee,
To say " God bless father, and mother, and me."
Contented and happy he noo is, and still
He trusts in his God through report good and ill.

Wi' t' nebbers aroond him he nivver gits wrang,
On Sundays wi' t' church folk he's olus amang ;
A smooker and drinker he nivver hes been ;
His wife is a plain un, he coes her his queen.
When trials come tull 'em they beeath leeak aboon ;
They nivver wait lang till a blessing comes doon ;
And when a poor body's afflicted, beeath try
To do what they can for the poor uns hard by.

So trusting, believing, he still does his best ;
He tries to live reet, and he leaves Him a' t' rest.
When t' wark time is ower and t' time comes to dee
He says " There's a croon and a mansion for me
I' heaven, and roond the white throne I will raise
My voice on Redemption i' sweet sangs of praise ;
To Him who has died and my sins wash'd away,
I'll share in His glory and dwell there for aye."



LONGSLEDDALE VALLEY.

Contemplating in the presence of awe-inspiring hills, how insignificant man feels himself ! His ambition seems a dream ; his philosophy, a conjecture ; and his mind receives astonishing impressions of the wisdom and power of the Creator.

THOUGH inland far I be,
Under the vaulted blue of summer skies,
The summer's rarer tint profusely lies
Before me like a tranquil sea.

I feel, as might a king,
Midst undisturbed freedom of the fells,
At peace, where many cowslips hang their bells,
Sought by the bees o'er gorse and ling.

Here are brant fields all green
 In the long valley of the plummy fern,
 A winding riv'let I afar discern,
 With narrow bridge and sylvan screen.

Tenacious brackens here
 Do much abound in briary wood and field ;
 The shelving rocks in winter often shield
 The shepherd from the storms severe.

The beauteous woodlands crown
 The uplands where rich mingling splendours glow ;
 And, like grim giants o'er the fields below,
 Lines of huge, grey, rough crags look down.

Midst loveliness so wild
 Are homesteads compass'd by majestic hills,
 East, west, and north, whose shaggy grandeur fills
 With awe the breast of man and child.

The valley's simple fane
 Stands close beside the riv'let, school, and firs ;
 The honest dalesfolk—few the worshippers—
 Approach it through a pleasant lane.

Be here at last my place !
 Here I would have my narrow bed to be,
 Amidst the mountains' grandeur rare and free,
 After life's stirring, fitful race.



THE DROUGHT OF 1893.

“ He withholdeth the waters, and they dry up.”

DRY every fount ; green herb now turn'd to brown ;
 Dumb herd, dejected flock, food-reft, forlorn :
 No cloudy omen, brought by golden morn,
 Of quenched drought, to country or to town.

HEVERSHAM CHURCHYARD.

This is the place where pageantry must end ;
It brings to nought the pomp of kings :
It safely holds the light and weight of years
Which life's procession brings.

THE sunshine patches halt and pass
Beneath an old tree where I turn
Around amongst the spiky grass
Where golden-hearted daisies burn :
Awhile I stoop, and out of sight,
To read a headstone—creamy white.

Across the graves my thoughts take flight,
And halt at one that thrills the heart ;
The flowers clothe it in garbs of light,
Which do a pleasing scene impart :
Amongst the flowers—and not a few—
The violets are of watchet hue.

Children and mother here are laid !
'No tender voice of love doth come
Across the threshold where 'tis said
The mother watch'd her children home :
Sopn after them she cross'd the bourne
From whence no travellers return.

Here is a mist purer than dew,
Sweeter than love or lovers are ;
The roses have a brilliant hue,
Their secret hearts betray afar :
The mossy bumble bee, forlorn,
Lounges 'mongst flow'rs from early morn !

Through yonder gates sore hearts have come,
And bitter tears embalm'd the smart ;
The natural dread of man's last home
Makes cold impressions on the heart :
The faltering crowd and weeping train
Have linger'd near the gather'd grain.

The widow's heart hath here been thrill'd,
Her haggard eyes have turn'd to God ;
Deep, solemn thoughts her soul have fill'd
Of him who sleeps beneath the sod :
The dead brought here the living rend,
Though life has had a golden end.

This grave in which the dead is laid,
To which the living eye is blind ;
It holds a form, and it is said
That he hath left no trace behind :
A gifted seer he was and yet
His worth and work men soon forget.

If we could like the dreamless dead
Forget all ill and slumbering pain,
How would the heart feel which hath bled,
Had grief slept with the prostrate slain ?
Life would seem strange, but, then, ah ! no !
The tyrant death won't have it so.

I pause beside the house of prayer,
And listen to the sounding bells ;
Sweet chimes fill the salubrious air,
And evening shuts the flow'rets' cells.
Life's golden days again draw nigh :
Remembrance of the years gone by.

This is the grave I came to seek,
My aged father sleeps below ;
I gaze, and long with none to speak ;
Afresh the tears arise and flow :
My father's grave ! I've sought it oft !
The thymy turf grows green and soft !



A M E L I A.

Passing through life without enjoying the companionship of little children is like going through a garden without observing the sweetest flowers which adorn and beautify the whole place.

SOME choose the rose and lay it on their breast,
They find much joy amid its blossoms rare ;
Some only pluck the fairest of the fair,
And to the heartless storms are left the rest.

I love the rose ; but let me have the child ;
My kingdom lies across its bright, sweet face ;
The winsome smiles it gives I love to trace,
Though in its merriest moments and so wild.

The eyes are like two crystal lakes to me,
Rippling with light above a dimpl'd chin ;
Soon as I've seen them I have fallen in,
And through a wilderness of hair, with glee.

The auburn hair I prize, and view it long,
When sunny locks that in each wavy fold
Hold up to view a billowy roll of gold,
Fresh as the folded buds the flowers among.

A human heart, to suffer just as we,
It owns, and is too young to understand
The grief and suffering when they're near at hand,
And though a pris'ner now, the heart is free.

A good child mends as it doth grow in age,
And while beneath the parents' sheltering wing,
Doth unto all good thought and pleasure bring,—
Becomes an honour at a later stage.



ON A MARRIAGE.

Those who choose a worthy partner in life feel safe, because each to each is a safe anchor. The sweetest word in our language is "love," and true elevation of mind does not prevent a person from taking knowledge of those who are below him.

THE great event, the bright auspicious day !
 May it a life-long blessing prove to each !
 From the vast multitude he's chosen you
 To be his helpmeet in all scenes of life.
 Be with him, aid him, strengthen his right arm
 That strikes thus boldly out for you to take !
 Life is a stern, rough battle, stand by him
 In all its conflicts and be ever true !
 Like a triumphant warrior, he will then
 Pour out his heart's best treasures unto you ;
 And claim the homage of your genial smile
 For the good service you have done to him.
 Amid fierce storms of life and rancorous hate
 Keep on your course unmov'd, and heeding not
 The scorn of foes, the jeers of faithless friends.
 Strive much to use the present unto good,
 And it will crown your efforts in the end
 With blessings you could never dream of, and
 The legacy of an accomplish'd task,
 Which many yet unborn will praise and bless.



KENDAL'S PRETTY LASSES.

Pretty things are not always genuine ; there may be the slime of the serpent beneath the fairest flowers, and yet there may be a bit of Eden left in this forward age of ours.

THE world is full of pretty things,
 And everybody knows it ;
 With blooming lasses it is rife,
 At least I will suppose it.

I often look at pretty things
In all ranks and all classes;
But, ah, I've never seen such gems
As Kendal's pretty lasses.

When I do hold myself apart,
For very obvious reasons,
The lasses seem to think I've thought
They're lov'ly in all seasons.
I have no tale of love to tell,
Time with me quickly passes;
Admiring, I "move on" and mix
With Kendal's pretty lasses.

I will not say I am admired,
Or give cause for repenting;
I am not cruel, stern, nor cold,
Nor go in for relenting.
I'm ever in a lively mood;
And fresh as the young grasses:
Go where I will, I'll speak a word
For Kendal's pretty lasses.



REVELATION OF CHARACTER.

He is a brave spirit who acts the Columbus, and with undaunted courage and perseverance tries to discover the character of his own soul.

BENEATH the ocean's surging wave
Lie undiscover'd pearls;
And there may in the stranger's breast
Lie underneath the world's unrest
A virtuous soul and brave,
Which need not be despis'd as rue,
The unknown heart may beat as true
As that of dukes or earls.

The lark that cleaves the lofty skies
 Is void of gaudy show ;
 Within an outward tinsell'd shell
 An odious, reptile soul may dwell,
 Villainous, base, and low.
 Man feels it sacred to be glad,
 And the full lustre must be had,
 No matter where it lies.

The trait of true good nature is
 Forgiving insults foul and vast.
 Unmerited fortune brings disgrace,
 The hoarded poison fills the place—
 Like seeming sunshine, it goes fast.
 We do not know what we shall be,
 But surely all may just now see
 The future woe or bliss.



LOVE'S DOMINION.

Love sometimes touches the long silent chords of true self, and
 awakens noble music at last.

LOVE is much older than the starry scroll,
 Yet ever young, and cast in diff'rent spheres ;
 And it has come across the silent years :
 It is to-day subservient unto all.

It forces man in life to do his best ;
 It is a well of ever-springing joy,
 A goddess ever chaste, without alloy,
 And frees the soul from restless, anxious quest.

Alike the rainbow in a sunny shower,
 Man can behold her, she is seen quite plain :
 She drains cold hearts and plants them well with
 grain ;
 And makes the desert heart bring forth a flow'r.

She comes and races after fading life,
And is most noble with a purpose fraught ;
She yields a source of calm and pleasant thought,
And pacifies the spirit rent by strife.

The humblest truly feel her silent gifts !
Much suffering she hath often chang'd to bliss,
Drawn subtile rapture from the lover's kiss :
The purest grains of gold from dross she sifts.

E'er strong, and sure arm'd with a tongue of flame,
She kindles in the soul a latent fire
Of hope and courage, and a true desire
To do the work of Him from whom she came.

The beauty of her crown by far transcends
All earthly gems ; she knows what she can do—
With rousing voice she cries " Pursue ! pursue !"
On stony upward tracks she bravely wends.

The frost-bound heart she gently warms and thaws ;
Joy spreads her wings and flutters 'neath her will ;
She doth with summer sunshine all things fill ;
Life's stormy hours pass into calm repose.

Her countenance is as the lily fair !
Her words are pleasant, without artful guile ;
Enfolded in her radiant robes, doth smile
Beside the creeping serpent of despair.

We grieve in vain, and heaven itself is nought,
The chord responsive in another breast
We could not know—the answering wish would
rest
If Love's fine threads in us had not been wrought.

Love hath a will to play and work with might ;
It is the keystone to the Eternal Throne :
The works she does they live, and they alone ;
With one brief glance she fills dark souls with light.

A line of light may span the heavens above,
And bursts of joy shoot swift from soul to soul ;
The mind may pierce the heaven's deep flaming
scroll,
But mortals never will discover love,



UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE.

ON THE EDGE OF A VALLEY.

Before Autumn's fiery fingers have taken hold of Nature, and ere the valley's many trees pause in their robes of brown and gold, the aspect is one of true loveliness. The harvest-coloured fields and the deliciously-laden fruit trees are gently brushed by the richly-perfumed breezes, making the hearts of young and old overflow with gladness.

THE old thorn grows beside the sea,
In Autumn it is with bright red haws hung
And in it the brown throstle oft has sung
A silvern wild song; brief and free.

Across a limestone throne the stream
Gleams like a vein of silver in the land,
Till glass'd and lost in beechen, airy strand,
And is as ethereal as a dream.

Through rose-flush'd bars of morning light,
In sylvan hollows flow ambrosial air,
From many blossoms waving here and there—
A flow'ry sea of gold and white.

The insects dance upon the beam
Which falls across the path along the grass ;
The dark, tall Scotch firs where much people pass
Are one-half mirror'd in the stream.

Green mossy couches on the hill
Slope all the way down to the river's edge ;
And large black water-fowl amongst the sedge
Dive much and swim in the calm rill.

In radiant morning's crystal air
The moss and lichens wear a tender tint,
The pearly dewdrops in the sunbeams glint
Beside the granite boulders bare.

The runnel, clear as amethyst,
Sings through the grass along the woodland path
Which leads down to the brook, whose water hath
The shelving white rocks often kiss'd.

Upon a soft, round throne of green,—
And in her bright, calm presence all is love,—
With the green earth beneath, blue sky above,
My mistress reigns, my home's fair queen !



AN AUGUST SUNSET.

FROM HIGH PARK, KENDAL.

By closely and patiently following Nature we arrive at truth, as certainly as the sea is discovered by following the course of a river.

BENEATH the spruce one summer eve
I saw the flame-wing'd sun ;
He had just reach'd the western hills,
His race was almost run.
The sky was fring'd with a few clouds,
And all were gleaming gold,
And through the trees and where I stood
Translucent amber roll'd,

Not long the gleaming pictures hung,
 The twilight came along,
 And broad dark clouds came into view
 The sunset scene among.
 It is the same in life's brief round,
 And I can always find
 When a bright scene is near at hand
 A dark one is behind.

When we have seen fair Hope awhile,
 Dark clouds come into view ;
 Faith is sometimes mix'd much with doubt,
 And love is oft untrue.
 We cannot grasp a perfect joy
 Outside of Paradise,
 There always did and always will
 A little cloud arise.



A SUMMER DAY.

We range through scenes of long ago,
 Through perish'd joys and past regrets ;
 We know where roses used to grow,
 And where have grown the violets.
 As we grow old we feel somehow
 The summer season rolls on fast,
 In the uncertainty of now
 The summers are not like the past.

THERE could not be a lovelier day
 Than the one which is past !
 The sun across the leafy bay
 Hath all his splendours cast.
 There has not come a cloud to dim
 His path across the skies ;
 And now on the horizon's rim
 To sunset lands he hies.

Resplendent was morn's rosy dawn ;
Most brilliant rose the sun ;
The dewdrops clear as crystal shone ;
Near where deep waters run,
In poplars tall the throistles sung
Their hymns, and all so grand :
The breezes the sweet music flung
Across the smiling land.

The lilac, buttercup, and rose
Seem'd graced with richest bloom ;
The sky did her blue face expose,
With no foreboding gloom.
The children's faces beam'd with joy
In running down the hills ;
The woodland masses gave employ
To me near tidal rills.

Translucent nature truly woke
And stirr'd her sons to praise ;
The golden flush of twilight broke
The mist on heathy braes.
The welcome, perfect day made glad
The heart on every hand :
Most wholesome joys are to be had
In Nature's fairy land !



THE BURIAL.

None feel the stress of circumstances so much as the poor ; they
fail to catch the appreciation of the world.

WE laid him, and gently, where sycamores wave ;
The sun shone in splendour across the far fells :
The churchyard is small where they made a deep
grave,
Adorned with daisies and azure harebells,

Asleep he is now, with his hands on his breast ;
 The keen grip of sorrow his heart often wrung :
 His feet are reposing 'mongst those laid to rest,
 The old and the young.

Not many came thither to see him laid by,
 He'd always been poor and honest in heart ;
 Some view'd the deep grave, and yet none heav'd a sigh,
 And soon ev'ryone from the scene did depart ;
 Not one did deplore him, nor give any praise—
 Unmiss'd in the world when he had gone down.
 Most upright he was to the end of his days ;
 Unknown to renown.



THE HARVEST.

Reapers go forth to conquer, not to fight—
 The scene of action's in the harvest field—
 The bearded barley, wheat, and oats do yield
 An ample store ; the reapers show their might ;
 The frequent lines are banded into sheaves :
 Ere Autumn sheds her tears o'er tinted leaves,
 The light round sheaves o'er which the rustics bend
 Are gather'd up and quickly set on end,
 To be dried by the wind and sun :
 The year's full harvest soon is done.

GRATEFUL we feel for the rich fruit and grain,
 Matur'd by the summer's sun and showers ;
 Superior is the farmer's joy to ours :
 He feels repaid for all his toil and pain.

He looks across his cornfields, which are white ;
 His breast with satisfaction swells, and he
 Is full of witty humour, frank and free ;
 His eye is cheerful and his heart is light.

The rough, yet honest-hearted lusty band,
From morning's rosy down to twilight grey—
And strong in limb, rejoice much on this way—
Reaping the master's grain with willing hand.

Through noontide heat the sunburnt reapers wend,
Breaking the lines for sheaves by woodland stream;
And soon with golden grain the barns will teem;
The patient hind to all doth well attend.

From upland fields where sparkling shallows run—
The sky has a few clouds like small white sails—
Wain after wain go through the lichen'd rails
With golden grain, dried by the golden sun.

It is a pleasant scene from window wide,
When summer reigns with fiery crown so bright—
The finite bounty of the Infinite—
To see the reapers stripp'd in modest pride.

Look up ! O man, and join in thankful lays
To Him who crowns the year with life's good things !
The land with gladness and with plenty rings—
An ample store for bleak, dark winter days !



THE LAST APPLE OF SUMMER.

The apple was the cause of the first law to man, and it was also the
cause of the first fall.

OBSERV'D from the road and by all who pass by,
Delicious it looks like a gem to the eye ;
The cold winds of Autumn have left it to swing
Alone on the bough where the birds used to sing.

The wasps have beheld it when passing along,
But yet 'tis untouch'd in the bare boughs among ;
The raindrops, like crystals, hang round it, and they
Begem the rich beauty it shows forth to-day.

The wild storms have come forth and fail'd to knock
down
The envied apple with coat turning brown ;
The urchins have eyed it, but none had the leave
To touch it till pluck'd by a daughter of Eve.



AULD NANNIE.

Good deeds sown in the windy places of life, like the wheat sown
in autumn and passing through the storms of winter, produce
precious grains.

SHE dwells, and alone, in a cot by the sea,
Her home is the picture of comfort and glee ;
And bright is the sunshine that gladdens her way
On life's rugged road as she journeys each day.

She labours sometimes in her garden close by,
Forgetful of self, she will frequently try
To aid the deserving who come to her door,
Though she is not rich and has little in store.

A word kindly spoken will oft stay a tear,
Though seeming as nothing, will solace and cheer ;
A heart that is true is a heart seldom sad,
And those who possess it make somebody glad.

And she who resides in the cot by the sea
Is full of good deeds, with a kind heart as free
As the waves rolling on to the coral reef strand
That bear the brave ship from the far distant land.





KENDAL OLD CHURCH BELLS.

O old and fair, bright in the far, far past !
How sweet your lingering mem'ries remain
Through quiet hours when life's illusions wane ;
What strong enchantments your old spells will cast.

FAREWELL, old bells, ye have thrill'd me through,
In the misty years gone by ;
Old bells, old bells, ever sweet and true,
'Neath cloudy and sunlit sky
The bright, loud music hath roll'd afar,
In years of the long ago,
And melted the hearts of those who are
Asleep in the graves below.

Dear, dear old bells, ever faithful bells,
Most precious in strong decay ;
And now in the sunset hour of life
We shall be old friends for aye.

Many can boast of their wedding bells,
With joy they were borne away
By music which leap'd in magic spells
From belfry and tower grey ;
Far back in time, in centuries gone,
Harmonious peals were flung
To ravish'd ears ; but, ah ! there're none
Such chimes as of late you've rung.

Old bells, old bells, ever nigh to me
To ring oft in mem'ry's hall !
Far down in the heart you'll live, old bells
And ever hold me in thrall.

Tumultuous seas of tunes have roll'd
 From you, thrilling grave and gay :
 Most solemn have been the tones oft toll'd
 For some who have pass'd away.
 Old bells, old bells, remembrance will
 Ring you on life's dreary waste,
 Like sunset skies, you shall linger still :
 To lose you, I'll not make haste.

O wild, wild bells of the olden time,
 I've hung on your potent spells ;
 Whenever I hear wild strains again
 I'll think of the old, old bells.

[When the bells were removed to be tuned, previous to replacing them into new frame work, I was asked by Mr. George Jennings, who had been a ringer at the Old Church for over 52 years, to write a few lines in commemoration, hence the above. October 13th, 1893.]



THE SYCAMORE'S GOLD.

Autumn has come ; the trees stand still to-day ;
 A melancholy glory fills the land !
 It is the time of many pictures, and
 Just now no echo stirs the slumbering calm :
 The gorgeous tints soon fade and pass away
 The matron of the year lies down to die.

THE evening was calm and the sunset was grand
 When under the sycamore's boughs I once stood ;
 The glory of Summer had gone from the land,
 The thrushes had fled from the meadow and wood ;
 The beech was array'd in its loveliest hue,
 Not half of the splendour will ever be told :
 I stood in the sunlight in silence to view
 The sycamore's gold.

Beside me (the bluebell and primrose had gone)
A daisy was struggling through Autumn's chill tears,
Not far off, and where the sunlight fell upon,
The spiral grass gleam'd like the flashing of spears ;
And where the wild woods did much opal reveal
The zephyrs came over the hill from the wold,
And laugh'd as they pass'd in trying to steal
The sycamore's gold.

A river rolls here, ever wholesome and free,
And cool as the mist on the hills of the snow ;
Like silver it shines through the plain to the sea,
Reflecting the light of the evening glow :
Two green willows wave in the hazels among,
O'ershading a gate which is broken and old :—
Alone in calm thought, I have look'd at, and long,
The sycamore's gold.

Compar'd to a tree we have frequently been ;
It rests with us what kind of fruit we shall bear ;
Prosperity causeth a flourishing scene,
The prospect seems good, and all fragrant and fair ;
Time ever is earnest in seasons of mirth,
And much it doth ever to mortals unfold :
Adversity often hath proved some not worth
The sycamore's gold.



THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

The swallow, like other birds, does not feel the lash of remorse given by conscience ; and it would have been all the better had the moral nature of some people been emptied of its contents and its place filled by instinct.

DID no one see how he did go ?
Does no one know which way went he ?
None bade good bye, and none did hear
His summer cheer from England's sky.

He knew the time—and to a week—
 That he must seek a fairer clime,
 His house of clay he left behind,
 And like the wind he pass'd away.
 By day and night away he sail'd,
 And none beheld or mark'd his flight :
 We pass once more through winter sad
 While he makes glad a distant shore.



THE CYCLIST.



I know no sadness when upon
 My trusty steed, we toil up
 straight
 The steep hill roadways, one by
 one,
 And there are some we always
 hate.



FULL harness'd, e'er ready my steed is to run
 O'er levels and hills at the touch of the toe ;
 No nostrils stretch wide in the shade or the sun :
 It never once stumbled, nor met with a foe.
 No spasmodic gasping for breath !
 Nor plunging the saddle beneath !

Most rare is the rush down the mountains' long hills !

My bell I do ring when there're people about :
The steed never tires—as merry as rills

It spins on the road turning much in and out :

I take—be it work, be it play—

A flight like the swallow in May !

A ride with the “bike” sets the heart all atune,

And often afar, rolling swiftly from home,

With lamp lit at night when no trace of the moon :

It never comes back with its sides white with foam.

With wonderful silence it goes,

On many a road which it knows !

I envy no one with their jewels and gold !

Most easy and free, and most wealthy indeed,

And fearless with pleasure I feel—all untold—

When out on the back of my favourite steed !

'Tis prais'd in a rhythmical line !

I would not take yours for mine.



THE STARS.

The nature of the galaxy offers a problem of the greatest interest, but of no little difficulty ; and up to the present it has baffled the attempts of the human intellect to solve.

AND there they stand in living light,
And harmonizing gleam above !
Proclaiming the Creator's might,
And gem the skies through which they move.

Like living songs, they speak, and plain,
True as the bright angelic choirs ;
And He who guides the clouds and rain
Hath lit those vast and central fires.

In remote ages each begun,
 System on system, each and all ;
 Each an unmeasur'd burning sun,
 And unseen worlds around each roll.

From Night's far, glorious shining eyes
 Beams flash across infinite space ;
 They pierce and fall through other skies,
 And all sublimely run their race.

And He who made the human breast,
 And gave the soul its wings of light,
 Hath made those orbs—and all He blest—
 Those golden orbs of silent night.

When Night—though not so strong as Death—
 (Waking or sleeping, yours and mine)
 Has pass'd, fair as the light of Faith
 These worlds, and millions, roll and shine !



TO MISS EDITH BRIGGS, WYKE.

After taking a copy of "*Echoes*," Miss Briggs presented me with a copy of her own most beautiful works.

YOUR book is one of great surprise,
 Like Eden's fields, all green and fair ;
 And like the stars in midnight skies,
 Adorn'd with beauty here and there.

The rural epic, it is strong :
 Though there's not much ; I count it joy
 The more I read, the more I long
 To be engag'd in such employ.

The fiery pen that wrote such lines
 Deserves a world-wide burst of praise ;
 And to have brought from Wisdom's mines
 Such lustrous gems, with piercing rays.

Throughout Victoria's golden reign
The lines will live, and further still ;
The language, it is pure and plain—
Such I admire, and always will.



REMOVAL OF KENDAL TOWN'S CLOCK.

Many improvements, which are needful as the years roll along,
very often sweep away the familiar surroundings of somebody's
life.

ANOTHER old friend hath pass'd away,
And once 'twas a glorious gift ;
The patient hands throughout night and day
Did many a heart uplift.
The once grand ticker is worth a song,
It served its purpose well ;
We lov'd it much, and we had it long ;
It e'er did its meaning tell.

Farewell, good old clock, thy music smote
The air of the night and day ;
Thy welcome tones they did dance and float
O'er the hillside's beaten way.

It stood overhead, both high and free,
The gaze of the passing crowds ;
The four large faces all eyes could see
No matter how dark the clouds.
The old year's knell it hath often told,
While prayers from the heart did rise
For the new year now in the past enroll'd
Far beyond life's paling skies.

The clock mark'd the solemn flight of time,
And thousands of hearts it stirr'd ;
It struck with force ; most loud and sublime
Was t' sound which the ear heard.

Many the years that it did adorn,
 In the twilights dim and old,
 The grey old Borough, at night and morn,
 In summer and winter cold.
 And now when stars light the deep, blue skies,
 Or clouds drop their crystal tears,
 Like haunting ghosts of t' past doth arise
 The clock of the vanish'd years.

Throughout all the scenes of strife and peace,
 Abroad on life's shoreless sea,
 The heart, like the clock, some day will cease
 Its beat to eternity.



THE STILE ON THE FELL.

The old stile through which we ran when young, and visit in after years, awakens marvellous memories which were attuned at the dawn of life.

IT was set up long since in the olden time,
 The grey limestone stile on the long, windy fell;
 It stands in the shade of two elms and a lime;
 How often I've climb'd them I cannot now tell.
 The cuckoo has sung in the elm's boughs among,
 And near it there is an old bushy thorn tree;
 The brown throstle oft from the elm gave a song;
 In spring time, by it, humm'd the bee.

The side of the stile which is next to the sands,
 The pleasantest part of the sun's golden way,
 Is best for the view of the broad level lands
 Which stretch far and wide to a dim, distant bay.
 Close by is the field where the daffodills grow.
 We ever cling most to the pleasure which thrills:
 Alone through the stile I have gone, and would go,
 In summer time ranging the hills.

Not far from the stile there are two crooked ways,
One leads to an orchard whose apple boughs hung
Far over the wall which is ancient in days,
And many a stone at the fruit I have flung ;
The other part leads over very rough ground,
And ends at a wood having many deep ruts :
Amongst stunted hazels I've often been found
In Autumn time looking for nuts.

Beneath the wild copse (as a fair woodland queen),
A pretty maid liv'd in a cot in the row ;
Of late I have oft through the green valley been,
And glanc'd at the cot of the long years ago.
Time's steady march hath brought much whitening
hair
To her who still wears on her face the same smile ;
And though not so young as she was, she is fair :
In life's winter time knows the stile.



THE EARL OF BECTIVE.

BORN FEB. 11, 1844 ; DIED DEC. 15, 1893.

When the truly great and benevolent die, sympathy and sorrow
spread far and wide, flowing from the hearts of the people, and
like a beautiful sunset leave a lingering glory behind.

A CROSS the hills with rapid flight,
While eyes were wet with fruitless tears,
With swifter speed that brings the night,
A cry, but not of vanish'd years,
The thrilling cry of death went by,
Of one whose time it was to die,

His glorious race was closed at noon,
Before life's evening winds were still'd ;
Kind Heaven decreed it but too soon,
His 'portion'd days he had fulfill'd :
Those lives which peaceful tenor keep
Are blessings unto those who weep.

The pleasant memories of his worth
Touch all in the awaken'd land ;
He who now sleeps in mother earth
Hath strengthen'd many a yeoman's hand :
Throughout fair Underley there lies
A gloom to which we turn our eyes.

The land is full from vale to hill
With echoes of a glorious name ;
The liberal hand and cheerful will
The poor will miss and more than fame :
His spirit did not all depart
Which fill'd a wise and generous heart.

Fling wide the praise of those who come
With eager feet to aid mankind ;
He brighten'd much the poorest home,
The wounded heart was his to bind :
No deeper, bitterer grief than this,
To lose a genial form like his.

The love that fills a soul of fire
For man, hath no abiding place ;
To do much good—a strong desire—
He came, and from a mighty race.
All in the keenest sorrow shar'd
That he was not much longer spar'd.

Bring flowers unblown, all fair and white,
And strew them o'er his narrow cell ;
There e'er will be, both left and right,
A loving heart for immortelle ;
And though, like desert flowers, unseen,
Will keep his memory fresh and green.



AUGUST.

Anyone left alone in solitude with Nature, and possessing an intellect to interpret her, will find that she will strike her beauty and grandeur deep into the mind, to be shrined in the memory with brilliant hues in after life.

THE crocus fires have all gone out,
The landscape is in glorious state ;
The children in the meadows shout,
And on the brilliant flowers wait.
There are not many birds now singing,
The cuckoo's voice is not now ringing.
The golden summer days
Gleam through the distant haze—
It is August !

The woodland shades are cool and sweet,
And all may now sit down and dream ;
The mosses, ferns, and lichens greet
The eye beside the joyous stream.
The whole wide world is one of gladness,
And all may now forget all sadness :
And while in nook and bower
May brighten life's brief hour—
It is August !

The artist's silent pencil fails
To portray scenes across the land ;
In quest of beauty in the vales,
We see it much on every hand :
Amongst green lances of the grasses
Tall ox-eyed daises move in masses :
The long, bright twilight falls
Over flower-crown'd walls—
It is August !

The swallows track their homeward way
With flashing wings, soon lost to view ;
We scarcely hear weird winds at play,
Beneath the tranquil skies and blue.
In garden plots choice flowers are growing,
Most lov'ly blooms, like rubies glowing,
The many flow'rs hold up
A scented, jewell'd cup—
It is August !

Curt liv'd summer, with its fruit
And settling grandeur, gladdens all ;
We catch faint gleams of splendour, mute,
We gaze and grieve when near its goal.
The poppy blossom's all afire,
Near harebell buds and crouching brier
Idyllic glory reigns
On heathy slopes and plains —
It is August !

The king-cup drops its gold, and much
The scented breezes bear it on ;
The thistledown winds scarcely touch,
Aloft it mounts, and soon is gone.
The ghostly gulls leave down and billow,
For fairer scenes near lime and willow :
And like a graceful bride,
Fair Lammas swells the tide—
It is August !



WELCOME TO KENDAL OLD CHURCH BELLS.

On hearing them after their return from being re-tuned, Easter
Day, March 25th, 1894.

A MELTING tenderness of joy
To age with forelocks grey,
And unto youth all fair and coy,
Comes from the bells to-day.
Soul-stirring strains of witch'ry spells,
Sweet as Æolian airs,
Issue from Kendal's grand old bells,
And every heart ensnares.

Ring out, wild bells! fling far and wide
Wild songs through air and skies;
Graceful the roll of music's tide!
The wave notes fall and rise.

The mind is lost in leaping seas
Of rare triumphant chimes,
Heard far across the calm and breeze,
Like old familiar rhymes.
The heart forgets its silent pain
In the fair music's shower;
We hail with glee the bells again
With new awaken'd power!

Ring out and long, ye reeling bells!
Across life's fading plains;
The soul with rushing music swells,
With chaste, melodious strains.

Across the waning century roll,
Roll, roll, ye silv'ry trills!
The mingling tunes do lightly fall
Along the grey old hills;

A royal feast it is, and gay,
 And all rejoice again ;
 To hear the boisterous bells to-day,
 And in Victoria's reign.

Ring out, ring in, ring loud and true,
 Ye towering bells amain !
 The people gladly welcome you,
 The wanderers, home again !

The lofty, pulsing bells sound clear,
 Their years long since began,
 And they have touched far and near
 The prayerless soul of man.
 Long may they swing o'er Time's wide sea,
 Though sad and solemn knells
 May sound, yet may it oftentimes be
 The ring of wedding bells.

All hail, tumultuous bells, all hail !
 Your lively peals are fair ;
 And when ye do the heart assail,
 Ye leave the music there.



LIFE'S SILVER CUP.

An union without love is like a flower diffusing an unwholesome odour, but an union with true love is as a blushing rose behind a bush, and is as a shrine in the hearts of the beloved, yielding a source of real enjoyment, supplying the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

WE hail no nation's prince to-day, born of its reigning line,
 Nor do we come with eager feet to grace a ruler's shrine ;
 We come with hearts brimful of love, by reason well
 controll'd,
 The soul's true joy, and it is best in simple language
 told.

Come let us tune our hearts to-day, and, link'd with
theirs, to keep,
Assure them of our sincere love and widely spread as
deep ;
Each has a good example shown—an useful, honour'd
life,
And they of our own kith and kin, the good man and
his wife.

Their love is still as fresh, unworn, as it was years
ago ;
It has not chang'd with time nor place towards men
high and low ;
And they have won our hearts, and ours to theirs will
prove a bond,
For when love speaks all human hearts do unto each
respond.

May long enduring peace be theirs through all their
coming days !
Congratulation flow to each, and whom to name is praise ;
And we have seen their kindly deeds which dry the
mourners' tears,
Throughout their blissful married life of five-and-twenty
years.

Blest are the twain who have not felt the irony of fate,
The sunlight of their joy to-day amongst us it is great ;
Most pleasant 'tis to find a home endow'd with such a
bliss,
To find a graceful marriage crown'd with a bright tie
like this.

The name of B——s long will live, from politics apart ;
Their deeds have thrill'd a chord that lies deep in the
inmost heart :
The present generation will, and we to-day erect
And bring our tribute to the two of blameless self
respect.

Link'd evermore as one, may they enjoy each coming
 year
 In much good health, till life has run a long and bright
 career ;
 Their generous souls are large, and they are always
 what they seem ;
 They with their wealth aid much the poor, an ever
 widening stream.

May guardian angels gently lead, and through life's
 darkest night,
 Through mist and cloud, and guide their feet, and up to
 Perfect Light !
 Blest is an union tied by love, though sanctified by
 tears :
 May they hold on their march another five-and-twenty
 years !



ON STAVELEY HILLS.

The impressive and imposing grandeur of Nature, with its immense
 objects on view, ever fills the mind with awe-inspiring thoughts.
 The lover of Nature delights to get away from the care, toil, and
 noise of daily existence, to ramble with eager and slippery feet
 on Summer's breezy hills.

ALONE, with snowy clouds above,
 Across the sapphire hills below,
 I move with the few clouds that move,
 And with the streams that deftly flow.

Beneath the bright wild guelder-rose,
 Close by the poppies' harmless flame,
 The old poetic white child grows—
 The daisy, long since known to fame.

On hill and hollow, far and near,
Are a few farms and old grey mills ;
And all who will may without fear
Range miles away on billowy hills.

The vale is long ; oaks, elms, and pines
Do much abound on every hand ;
And like fair Kentmere's rill, which shines,
The thund'ring trains pass through the land.

Here is much peace, and all may feel
How vain the sense of paltry joys ;
From stains of sin to-day I steal,
And from the struggling world and noise.

Far, far removed from social gyves,
And fired by patriot's zeal sublime,
I'm near the brown bees new white hives,
Away from wrong which mars all time.

A file of large-leaved poplars guard
A sea of clover by the lane ;
And here and there—the hind's reward—
Are broad fields full of ripening grain.

Much joy in winged words are borne
From anguish'd souls that grief has thrill'd :
No scathing looks nor biting scorn
Are felt just now when winds are still'd.

Through unremember'd years, and gay,
With trees and fanes, and houses fair,
At the dale's head the village lay
As if asleep in wholesome air.

Hemm'd in by briary copse and hills,
Most noble hearts the place contains ;
Right through the midst roll sounding rills,
And much bewildering grandeur reigns.

Strange mystic scenes all touch the heart,
 Cliffs, woods, and fields in splendour dight,
 And all around from ev'ry part,
 Joy fills the eye from left to right.

Untorn by crimson storms of war,
 Fierce vandal spirits here have stood ;
 Here is delight, and purer far
 Than human glory wash'd in blood.



THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

The aspirations of humanity often magnetise the mind, and we live
 in responsiveness to its dreams of a better day.

FAREWELL to Old England, great land of the North !
 To-day to the south I intend setting forth ;
 The wild seething billows I'll face like a man,
 And hope not to rue of the course I began :
 The vessel is strong, most hardy the crew,
 The captain is skill'd, and the mariners true.

I know much of England, the people, and toil,
 I've long had a wish to see alien soil ;
 My fair native land, in the sweet southern gale,
 Will often be thought of when far off on sail ;
 I fret much to part from the friends that I know,
 My sorrow, like theirs, is a sincere woe.

My home's left behind, with a fair form and wise,
 And all I have gain'd under English skies ;
 Experienc'd in labour, I'm now on its track :
 Perhaps I may some time to England come back ;
 And if I do well many friends will rejoice ;
 Most glad I will be, with an eloquent voice.

Old England! bright England, I raise now the cry;
I glance at thy woodlands, thy fields, rills, and sky!
While nigh to the captain, his hand on the helm,
The thoughts of the past do my soul overwhelm.
To measure the ocean, in shadow and shine,
With strangers I go o'er the billowy brine.

Old England will ever be true to the right,
The canvas of victory still waves in its might;
Its sons who are loyal, they do not know fear,
Their prowess unfailing, their country still dear:
The heart of Old England responds to the call
Of duty; and it is most welcom'd by all.

And now on the waves, in the teeth of the storm,
Oh, England! oh, England! I'm losing thy form!
Farewell to thy splendour! the parting is keen:
Adieu to my country, her people, and Queen!
The severance will never, no never prove foul,
Loud echoes will rise from the depths of the soul.

The white cliffs are fast disappearing from view,
On deck, and in tears, I have waved adieu
To England, whose sons, with their last drop of blood,
Have fought, and will fight, for their country's good!
And many the heroes on land and on wave,
With scars in their flesh, who've been borne to the
grave!



MODESTY.

IT is a diamond to a truthful mind,
Shedding a lustre rich and beautiful;
A star of splendour to the dutiful,
A silent tutor to all humankind.



THE MORECAMBE CALAMITY.

Bereavement is the sharpest arrow from the Almighty's quiver:
 To love deeply and tenderly, and then the object of our affection
 to be torn away, is indeed heartrending. Sad it is when Death
 knocks at the cottage door and bids the widow fetch her dead.

AND shall we mourn because they have outsped
 Us, who are left behind to grow in grace ?
 Some have gone down in life's fair rosy dawn,
 With cheery sunbeams, and all golden bright ;
 And some at evening time, in patient trust,
 And some in lingering hope and shadows grim ;
 And it has thrill'd a trembling world with awe,
 With heartaches many and long-weeping eyes.
 The lamps of gold that burned have been put out,
 And yet no shade foretold the coming night ;
 Adown life's road the bells of sorrow ring,
 And it will long be ere the grief shall cease.
 When life around seems fair and smooth, sometimes
 God gives a sudden call to man, and says,
 " Into my joy, come, enter thou, and rest ;
 Thy flesh, soil'd with life's toilsome way, put off,
 For that white robe my precious servants wear ;
 My glory share, my throne ! thy crown, bedeck'd
 With many a glittering star put on ;
 Thy palm of victory wave, thy harp attune,
 To endless praises in my courts above.

Explore the heights, the depths, the lengths, and
breadths
Of all my love, my mercy, wisdom, grace ;
Till thy enraptur'd soul is bath'd in floods
Of bliss, which only the redeemed know."
Ah ! who can tell ? no words of ours convey
The depths of meaning in those words " my joy ! "
Even when we have rang'd a thousand years
O'er these delightful plains it still will be
" My joy " unfathom'd ; nay, eternity
Will ne'er exhaust its fulness, ne'er disclose
The riches of its store—so grand, so free :
Such is the portion of departed friends.
Then let us rather sorrow for ourselves,
That we so faithless in our course have prov'd :
For, sure the victory first is to the strong,
The swift, the brave, the faithful, pure, and true !
Oh, let us follow on, with strength renewed,
Till we, like them, our Maker's work have done,
Then we the welcome summons shall receive,
" Enter thou into the glorious rest above!"

[On Monday, September 3rd, 1894, a terrible boating disaster happened in Morecambe Bay. Thirty-four excursionists, mostly from Burnley—men, women, and children—went out in a sailing boat from Morecambe, intending to go to Grange. There was no thought of danger ; the weather was fine, the boat a well-tried one, and the man in charge of the yacht was a fisherman of long experience and temperate habits. When within two miles of Silverdale, a sudden change of wind at a critical moment capsized the boat, and out of the 34 passengers 25 lost their lives. The sea was long in giving up all the victims ; the last body was found under the pier at Grange, January 16th, 1895. £700 were collected and divided amongst the suffering families of the drowned.]





THE STORM.

DECEMBER 21ST AND 22ND, 1894.

We listen with awe to the sublimity of storms, and gaze in admiration on the serenity of sunsets, the audible and silent voices of God.

WINTER had scarcely reach'd the forest pass
When huge, elastic trees roar'd to the grass,
Blown down by howling winds,
With angry might.
The tall green hollies cast a sombre shade,
And yuletide pictures from the boughs were made,
To grace grey mansion walls
With marks of light.

The wind, and like a subtle spirit, fled
From hill to hollow with tremendous dread,
And shook all lives afar—
The world must list.
The moon refused to whiten land and stream,
Mortals were roused from life's enchanting dream,
The thund'rous blasts rush'd on
Through rain and mist.

The sleep of men was broke and dreamful ease;
The loud, keen winds rush'd to the sundering seas,
And smote the vessels, and
Much life was lost.
Warships and vast, Great Britain's battle walls,
With engines trimm'd to kill, reel much and fall
Through seething waves, and all
Like toys were toss'd.

The flesh soon tired in the wild maze and mad,
The way folks' faces felt the storm which had
 Beacon'd itself to fame,
 To sleepless eyes :
Much dire destruction did all eyes assail
On all sides wrought by the wild scourging gale,
 At eighty miles an hour
 Through midnight skies.

The lakes were lash'd to wilder, chillier foam,
The waters leapt across the rocks and loam
 In immense sheets which were
 Magnificent.
With crashing pace the furious whirlwind drew
The slates from roofs, and many, and which flew
 Like arrows through the air,
 Till force was spent.

The clouds were black, without one azure line,
Yet on black clouds again will rainbows shine,
 And which the whipping wind
 So fiercely drives.
The huge, tall chimney stacks of dizzy height
Crush'd through the roofs, and with terrific might
 Buried beneath the debris
 Most precious lives.

Immensity, O Lord, Thy presence fills !
The strong pulsatory winds obey Thy will,
 Sweeping with wholesome breath
 The earth we tread :
And Thou who stills the raging winds and waves
Will one day open all the closed graves,
 And louder blasts than storms
 Will wake the dead !



THE SNOW SHOWER.

There are many beautiful scenes in life ; but the loveliest is that of a vile spirit cleansed in the Fountain and coming out whiter than snow.

THE virgin grandeur of the hills
Our sires have had it in their day ;
And now the snowy glory fills
The landscape and for miles away,
Which doth appease the milder rills
O'er limestone rocks and grey.

The vale is one vast shroud of white—
The audience chamber of the wind—
And on the mountains' airy height
The sheep stand still, sought by the hind
With hay : the grass is out of sight,
Which not a sheep can find.

To mansion, haystack, and the tower,
And without noise, the snowflakes flow ;
Are hurl'd along with kindly power,
And lapping all things as they go,
Fold upon fold, in one brief shower,
On trees and bushes low.

The tender swathing of the flakes
Stirs roadway's languid atoms now,
Far in the bird-forsaken brakes
Fall lightly upon horse and cow,
And the smooth sketch that Nature makes
Doth chasten ground and bough.

Midst wintry gloom of sky and sun,
And almost dark from morn till noon ;
With tremulous sense of cold begun,
We feel and fret for the dead June,
Whose golden light with summer run,
And song-birds out of tune.

Through dogged frost, in moory glade,
The whirling flakes with darkness fly ;
From pent-up clouds and all one shade,
The ancient sessions of the sky,
Much slumberous snow, and gently laid,
In the bush fenland lies.



THE FALLEN ELM.

There are many beautiful trees which are interesting, and we may well say that the first way in which they praise God is by the pleasure they afford man.

FELL'D by the storm which came along
The vale with swell of organ sound ;
Much from the top the throstle's song
Was heard when march came round.

Between high hills and the wide sea,
It grew close by the empty wold,
Where the brown moth and strolling bee
Their shining wings unfold.

We saw it much through silv'ry haze,
And now blown to the earth to die ;
The frost and rime on netted sprays
In winter hurried by.

It thrill'd, and much through autumn dearth,
And o'er the wayside streamlet sway'd ;
The broad green leaves, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Afforded ample shade.

It gave us all the joy it had,
We could our sunniest moments take
Beneath it, which makes none now glad ;
No throbbing songs awake.

The old sere leaves are blown away ;
 We look in vain for stems to show
 The promise of fair vernal may
 From branches broke and low.

The secret buds' dumb lips are seal'd
 Beneath the grey and wind-wing'd skies ;
 Nature begins in wood and field
 New life when the old dies.

The elm—and like all naked souls—
 We now can measure much its worth ;
 The black and the bare outer walls
 Are cumbrous on the earth.



A HAMLET IN WINTER.

To be contented with what we have and to be regulated by the
 Light from above is an ever-widening orbit of simplicity, often
 preventing ambitious desires.

WINTER—and all is whelm'd in gloom,
 Dark clouds across the startl'd sky,
 Eclips'd with shade, a bitter doom ;
 The scene appals the dreamy eye—
 Has come much like a fixed star,
 And bleak as other winters are.

The glories of the summer scene,
 With sunlight crowning wall and shed,
 The burly birds on plots of green,
 And with plum-colour'd coats have fled ;
 A lone man now, and barking dog,
 Crisp crannying winds and rolling fog.

The evening shadows linger here,
The days roll much away like years,
And in the Winter, chill and drear,
The robin, living ruby, cheers,
On a black wall, with mimic strain,
A glad song of a sweet refrain.

The stillness here is deep and free,
Abyssmal darkness fills the night ;
The place is like a silent sea,
With windows giving not much light,
Whose squares of glass glow as of old
With sunset amber mix'd with gold.

A few old pines bend o'er the brook
Whose never-failing waters flow
Beneath white rocks that southward look,
Touch'd by south winds soft as the snow,
Along the wide and only street,
Dreaded when battling tempests meet.

Awakening beauty of the age,
The strength of nobler self-control,
Doth much the hamlet folks engage ;
Each strives to mend each honest soul
With more of love, and less of strife,
The beautifying gem of life.



EVENING ON MIDDLESHAW HILLS.

Communicating with Nature is to meet with reason, harmony, and
music even in the darkest season.

THE sun has gone the azure round,
And left behind broad veins of gold,
And where the daisies sleep profound
We find tall grasses brown and old.

The orchards and the woods are bare,
The trees have lost their vernal hands;
A dreary scene—and once so fair,
With cuckoo from far-shining lands.

The moon whose chast'ning rays of light
Fall on the dark'ning window bars,
Comes full, and walks with vesture bright,
Amid the wand'ring host of stars.

The evening breath is almost hush'd
And shaken into silence spent;
And like the bird, when dawn is flush'd,
Hath pour'd to all a full content.

'Tis darkest Nature without song,
And darker still to local flocks,
Which stand in wasting hunger long,
Beneath the white sepulchral rocks.

A stream, with silv'ry utterance, flows,
With gushing music, through the land;
And here in Spring the primrose grows,
With creamy censers large and grand.

The wild-rose and industrious bee
Have fled the crisping air of hills,
From which, through diamond rain, we see
At best the rainbow's glorious frills.

We cannot find, nor do we know
How comes the green to tree and sod;
But all can many thanks bestow,
A song of praise to Nature's God.



THE BLIZZARD AND SNOWSTORM.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 1895.

King Frost rules with iron sceptre, and when Nature refuses to be kind, chastening us with whips and scorpions, it becomes almost insufferable to man and beast, with the thermometer registering eight degrees below zero.

ABOVE the hills that front the trembling dawn
A vapoury tide of leaden clouds were drawn,
Stopping the coming sun
From shedding rays
Across the ice-bound streams and snow-clad hills ;
When not a bird came forth with melting trills,
Stirring descending woods
With songs of praise.

The wind at first rose with a gentle dirge
From the dark east horizon's misty verge,
With scanty, starry flakes,
And slow in pace.
At length came whirling blasts, with snow combin'd,
Which cut, and fiercely, through the stoutest mind ;
Stamp'd in visible lines
Upon the face.

For hours the snow fell from the dreary skies,
And churn'd much by the winds, like sand it flies
Far on the frozen earth,
Deep upon deep :
And where the wind could enter in snow went,
Like powder'd ice, through aperture or rent
Of window, wall, and door,
With heartless sweep.

Quadrillions of the sinuous flakes
Dropp'd, and were lost in depths of reedy lakes
Where solitude sleeps much,
Older than morn.

And high against the hedges, yards in height,
The drifted snow stood out like thrones of light,
 Unsullied piles, and all
 From cloudland borne.

The blizzard chasten'd long, and as with whips,
Across the blanched cheeks and firm-set lips,
 And all the fingers ached
 From joint to joint.
The cold terrific man could scarcely bear,
The outside cattle felt the biting air,
 Twenty degrees below
 The freezing point.

Along the roofs snow flew like clouds of steam,
And on the scene the sun cast not a beam
 From densely packed clouds
 Across the land.
The grass was hid on which the fell sheep live,
And the Arabian deserts could not give—
 Than the much grinded snow—
 A finer sand.

Much work stood still in city, town, and vale,
And soon broadcast went forth the bitter wail—
 Bread winners out of work,
 Bright homes made sad ;
But He who made the skies and rolling seas
Ere long with green will clothe the naked trees,
 And give the land new life,
 And make all glad.

[From 15,000 to 20,000 people were skating on Windermere on Saturday, February 16th, 1895. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The Lake was frozen from end to end—12 or 14 miles—with a break at the Ferry. The ice was as smooth as glass, and from one foot to eighteen inches in thickness.

FEBRUARY EVENING HYMN.

Symmetry and harmony are in all the arrangements of Nature. The finger of God is everywhere seen. There are more enduring and truer pleasures, comforts, and blessings to be derived from the shady scenes of Nature, the beauty and fragrancy of flowers, the wordless songs of the summer birds, and the matchless grandeur of sunset skies, than from all the gilded and hollow joys which mortals offer.

THE day is done,
The night's brief lamp shines over eastern hills,
The golden stars which gleam beyond the sun,
Night's faithful vigils, the dark heaven thrills ;
The twilight, robed in grey, serenely flies,
When the last waning ray of daylight dies.

The day's employ
Stands still, and the sweet voices that we love,
Beside the evening fire yielding joy,
Are felt, and which the world cannot move ;
Like constant flowers, and all with fragrance rife,
Are home's fair scenes with blissful flowers of life.

The twin lime trees,
Near pine-fring'd woodland, and which melt in
mist,
Spread out their gaunt bare arms torn by the breeze
Which sweeps the lake's long floor of amethyst ;
And when the moon comes full on heaven's plains,
Across the lake harmonious splendour reigns.

Night creeps apace,
And, like the opening of a story, fall
The slanting moonbeams, and with witching grace,
Across the orchard and its ivy wall,
Where many lilies, spangl'd mauve and white,
Are found in spring, with fair tall spires of light.

A snowy crown
Fits the old hairless heads of hills away,
And with much silver glory crowding down
From Night's fair Queen, makes all look brightly
gay,
O'er wood and field, haunts of the summer birds,
Whose songs yet linger like kind bygone words.

Where shadows run,
The high born souls, and yet with lowly mind,
Though wintry scenes are fleck'd much by the sun,
All Nature lies awake for them to find
The wonders and the joys that stir the breast,
And all is rapture and a perfect rest.

A shrill wind blows
Through woody isles of Scotch fir, spruce, and
beech,
Where there are snowdrops lurking in the snows,
Closely together, trembling each to each,
Beneath grey oaks, all pathos in decay,
Grac'd by the gnarl'd white hawthorns in May.

A silent song
Of praise give to the Lord for everything !
He dwells above, midst purer crowds among
Than earth, and we, His creatures, much may sing
And speak to Him, who bids no tempests flee
Across the surface of the Jasper Sea.



THE DRUMMOND CASTLE DISASTER.

OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE, NEAR USHANT,
JUNE 16, 1896.

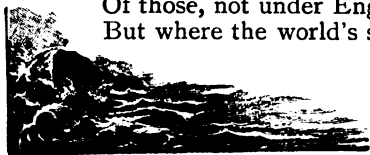
Disaster follows everything in life, as the wheels follow the horse
drawing the carriage.

THE day was fine, the vessel started well
From the Cape Coast *en route* to Europe's strand ;
The mighty waters roll'd with gentle swell,
And eyes were pledged to see their own bright land
Afar across empurpl'd seas,
With billows crested by the breeze.

Along the naked heap of open sea,
Before keen, subtle anguish smote the air,
The pulsing steamship sped onward and free,
Through watery glory stretching everywhere.
To rock-vest surf the brave ship hies
Midst rain and fog, 'neath midnight skies.

One thrilling shock, one dizzy whirl, and then
Brief was the fight for life's breath with the waves,
Whose lashing swirls calm'd women, children, men
By death, and waters mirror not their graves :
Soon love and youth were swept away ;
Much desperate strength went dead as they.

From the wide waste of ocean, dark and dread,
Swift was the sweep of sad and bitter cries ;
And some God-fearing, faithful spirits fled
To Him who counts the prayers, the tears, and sighs
Of those, not under English grass,
But where the world's ships meet and pass.



The loss of life so vast, thrill'd nations through,
And, sad to hear, not far from solid land,
To save the struggling crew, man could not do ;
The boats could not be reach'd, so near at hand :
Two hundred and fifty coped with waves,
And all but three found watery graves,

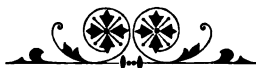
To join the music by the angels set—
God had a purpose in the curling foam—
The surging, chilling waters scarcely met
Before the little children were at home,
Safe in the Saviour's loving care,
Of such is Heaven, and always there !

The Isle of Terror speaks once more of death ;
Strong, treacherous currents ever wildly flow
Through the dread place swept by the wind's cold breath,
Where seamen try to 'scape these jaws of woe,
Ere foaming breakers overwhelm
The clogging wheels and powerless helm.

God knows the seas with all their spindrift floors,
He knows the rocks that stir the human blood,
And those that peep not out from ocean doors
That lurk beneath the tossing, moon-drawn flood :
Without there is a warning knell
Of death's dark hour, it means farewell.

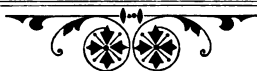
God stands upon the fiery crystal wave,*
In the dense film of mystery and disguise
Prepar'd by Him who gladly came to save :
Sometimes His dark designs distress our eyes :
He works with wise and perfect will,
And gives much consolation still.





IN A WOODLAND VALLEY.

The more we study Nature, the more we
find order to prevail.



THIS is the spot, and oh, how fair !
Where Nature spreads her choicest gifts,
To all who dwell in bracing air,
Along the hazel groves and cliffs ;
And grac'd to hearken, loud and long,
The rush of lusty throstles' song.

Mad driving flails in winter cold
Are heard and oft across the land,
From labouring rustics, mostly old,
Who thresh the corn with honest pride,
And toiling nobly all the day
Have ever kept the humble way.

The drap'ry of the azure's seen,
And finer than the palace home,
Far o'er the fields of stretching green,
By all who love to rove or roam,
And watch the streams that feed the rills,
Like silver tumbling down the hills.

Beneath the skies of cloudless blues,
Or be it dark beside the wood,
The crocus grows in various hues ;
The females don the cottage hood ;
Where raindrops swing on beech and pine,
And in the sun like diamonds shine.

The marks, and of the fleeting years,
From end to end the valley through
Are found, and trac'd through bitter tears,
Where death has claim'd the lov'd and true
And dimm'd forever Hope's fair star—
In life no darker shadows are.

The little churchyard by the way
Has been the scene of grievance sore,
Those borne inside, who mouldering lay,
Have found their measure and no more,
Beneath the mounds, sought out and oft,
Where thymy turf grows green and soft.

When night her dusky mantle flings,
And clearly glows the polar star,
The soul with sacred music rings,
Beholding starry hosts afar,
And in unclouded splendour roll
Throughout the sky from pole to pole.

The avenues of birch and firs
Show well to build immortal lays,
Deep silence into music stirs
The soul to utter songs of praise :
Around are themes, and for all time,
To gem the poet's glittering rhyme.



IN SINUOUS DALE.

When hills are clad with maiden snow,
Artistic fitness to the eye,
We feel, like needles to the skin,
The cold, harsh, withering winds go by.

A FAR am I, near forest vast,
Which strikes the eye of friend and foe,
To see much slaughtering earthward cast,
The place of nuthatch and the crow :
The huge elms' vestures far off flung,
And woven when the spring was young.

Enchanting solitude ! 'tis fair
To me, and I am not depress'd,
Away from bustle of selfish care,
To be alone and much at rest :
I find no company so sweet
As in this airy, wild retreat.

Like foiled elves amongst the grass,
The red leaves of the beeches lie ;
The keen, cold winds which rise and pass,
Do not so lightly pass them by,
Nor hesitate to blow aside
The grey leaves of the autumn-tide.

Oblivious of intrusive stay,
Beside the white and piping reed,
And in an unconcerned way,
Tree creeper and the squirrel feed,
Amongst the branches of the larch,
Which overhang a limestone arch.

Exploring mountains, woodlands, lakes,
None to obey but fancy, and
No guide to follow through the brakes,
With ribbon grass across the land :
Scenes thrill the eye with spells of power
From dawn until the sunset hour.

Faint tints of opalescent light
Are seen in fields along the fells,
Which were in summer radiant white
From daisies mix'd with azure bells,
Where redshanks flit much through the gloom,
Beneath the hills of creeks and broom.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

True enjoyment entering into the soul drives winter from the
face.

TIGHTEN the straps, buckle them fast,
The lads and the lasses are whirling past,
The air is crisp, the morn is fine,
The feet are eager to start the line ;
The head is full of the day and sky ;
The men and women are hurrying by,
Striding, with never a tired limb,
With breasts afire and brains aswim :
The wind doth scarcely care to blow,
And never a bit of the dazzling snow.

Yo, ho !

Fresh plans are form'd night after night,
All constitutional and bright :
To perch on sliding bars of steel,
Midst sexes winning much repeal,
To change not with the changing laws
Until the ice breaks with the thaws.
To greet bleak winter's fleeting wing,
When many chimneys smoke and sing ;
'Tis pleasant, and for miles to go
Across the ice, all crystal glow.

Yo, ho !

High-booted, the fair maids spring out,
With dangling ribbons, echoing shout ;
The skates resound like clinking shoon
Afar beneath the diamond moon,
Whose white beams fall on hill and plain,
On glittering spire and silver fane ;
The clumsy hands, the awkward stride,
With flagging pace, do homeward slide,
In view of full clear moon and low,
To crackling hearth, to fireside glow.

Yo, ho !

ON THE FELLS IN WINTER.

During the Winter season, there is much restraint—real and undeniable—from Nature, checking the outlook on human life.

THE graphic force of scenes,
The picturesque felicity of fells,
Draw up the heart's blood into joy whose spells
Long on the memory leans.

The sad and wounded heart
Which throws its grief into the mass of life—
Creation's scheme—has answers for the strife
Most ready to impart.

The mist, the air's blue stain,
With flowering glories gone from woods and hills ;
Defiant, crisping wind breaks out and fills
Immortal eyes with pain.

The mind has fixed lines,
And when the Winter's silver harvests come,
Artistic training, more than that at home,
Abounds in wild designs.

Exil'd Nature this :
An unity of purpose in the whole :
To which the Spring will gently come and call
To life and rural bliss.

The shades' pervading hour—
Demonstrably true, the Winter King
Sways o'er an empire vast until the Spring
Arrives with zeal and power.

After dead months, again
We see the daffodils, and in the mist,
Through opening leaves, which gleam like amethyst
With sunlit falling rain.

GRASMERE.

No matter who holds the deeds of Nature, she is ever yours to
gaze upon and enjoy.

IN Grasmere's famous, classic land we pause :
The soul of inspiration breathes to-day :
The talisman's resistless spring we touch ;
And lo ! as if by an electric fire,
On instant wings a busy tribe appears !
Wild, billowy hills, with fern and pine-clad heights,
We see afar, through thin and silv'ry haze :
Blest scenery, hail ! the source of rapture flows
From transports so refin'd. We now behold
The village sleeping in the golden gleams
Of summer's flame-wing'd orb in sapphire skies :
The scene is faultless ; 'tis surpassing fair !
Joy rings her bells while we are much abroad ;
One half the scene is in the greener shades,
And these are fairy haunts whose power creates
Much solid peace, not to be soon forgot.
Here lies the bard whose melting songs yet live,
Which yet reflect the glow of what hath been.
Dissolv'd and lost in dear, old Grasmere woods,
'Neath hanging oaks, we breathe sweet, crystal air :
The scene is fair, makes brief a fragrant hour ;
And in full view of huge, majestic hills,
A few white clouds, and Alp-like, float above
The calm-faced lake, withdrawn amongst the hills.
The wealth of grandeur mortals fail to grasp,
Though bards have said much in immortal verse.



THE CIGAR.

A CONSUMING joy with some folks we pass ;
Its end is to be burnt, like a certain class ;
A little smoke, at either end a spark,
What lies between them's a mystery dark,

A burnt offering to the god of peace,
An incense-offering on the increase ;
A light to love ; it is a whiff in need,
And puff ! puff ! puff ! are misty friends indeed.
'Tis a proper subject for cremation,
And when burning gives much consolation ;
The modern memento more "dust to dust,"
An investment in which noble minds trust :
A fraudulent concern, easy to catch :
'Tis a weed, O (widow), that want's a match !



OUT ON THE HILLS.

The beauties discernible in August are unobservable in December.
So it is with human nature. The many excellent physical
qualities displayed in youth are not to be found in old age.

THERE is no noise to break the spell
Beneath the azure summer skies ;
Day slips away without farewell,
The twilight softly pales and dies.
The solemn calm the bosom thrills,
Out on the hills.

A dreamy grandeur comes with night,
From the far-east to dim the stars ;
The moon, with trembling rays of light,
Drops to the earth long silver bars,
Whose beams the drowsy valley fills
Below the hills.

The fragrance from the fields below,
From clover, pearly white and fair,
With subtle scent waves eddying go
Along the brant hills' emerald hair—
The grasses which the dew distils
Far on the hills,

The forest music—surging songs—
 Whose chords were struck by woodland bards
 When Spring was young, and floral throngs
 Had scarce made bright the greening swards,
 Are silent now ; there are no trills
 Heard on the hills.

The sunset's burning charms have fled,
 The moonbeams gather fair and strong ;
 A crowning sheet of light is spread
 Across the valley broad and long,
 With moonlit trees and shining rills
 Seen from the hills.



TRUTH.

The honest poor who speak the truth,
 Whose means are small to make ends meet,
 Have much more peace and fewer wants
 Than those who own broad acres and
 Have flatterers at their heels.

IMMORTAL flame ! 'tis God's great thought to man !
 Burning refulgence that doth e'er endure !
 Exhaustless energy, most calm and sure !
 Perfected virtue, ere old time began,
 Most glorious grace ! it always diadems
 The soul, and fills it with the purest joy.
 The spirit's restlessness it doth destroy,
 And words are crystalised into gems.
 Mortals, however poor, are rich with truth ;
 The angels are not richer save in bliss :
 It changes darkness into light, and is
 Unsullied, radiant in eternal youth ;
 Subtle as light, and yet as chaste as snow,
 It reaches high, and likewise stoopeth low.



CARDINAL MANNING.

BORN JULY 15TH, 1808 ; DIED JANUARY 14TH, 1892.

ANOTHER mighty voice is silent, and
A valiant champion of the faith he held ;
No conflict ever his strong courage quell'd,
Or shook his steadfast will on sea and land.
The brave, calm chieftain of the struggling weak :
Against the selfish he was ever strong,
And many thousand hearts will mourn him long,
Both friend and foe, apart from creed or clique.
To the great man who now has pass'd away,
To the great priest and hastener on of light,
With tongue and pen he marshall'd men with might.
It thrills the nation's heart to give to-day
The nation's tribute for so great a friend
Of noble effort and most glorious end.

And the great man is borne to rest at last !
Tombward they tread, of earthly glory shorn,
And mirth is blind, on the sad solemn morn :
The man is dead, and mute they bear him past ;
Beside his grave the silent tears fall fast.
He was a great light, and his works adorn
The page of literature, and will, untorn,
Live through the ages, beautiful and vast.
In the dividing years which come and go
He will be known by one bright honour'd name,
And though he courted not the heights of fame,
Yet on the giddy top his name will glow.
The poor will miss him ; near his heart they came :
Their toil-worn hearts life's bitter sorrows know.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

BORN JUNE 19TH, 1834 ; DIED JAN. 31, 1892.

THE great saint militant has reach'd the goal ;
 Uncheck'd, unchasten'd, conquering to the end ;
 His courage, true as steel, did none offend :
 He was a great, throng, stirring, genial soul.
 His faith was fierce ; he spoke the potent word
 In worldly ears ; made fire strung spirits feel
 Deep spiritual sense, from keen and clear appeal,
 The eager listening thousands gladly heard ;
 Freshening as rain, he mightily stirr'd the throng :
 He won the many from familiar touch,
 With selfless zeal, and he was loved much.
 All knew him honest, and all knew him strong
 Puritan ; a worthy, stout, great man, and brave.
 The mighty drop their garlands on his grave.



SHAKESPEARE.

CENTURIES on centuries, years on years,
 Have fled since Homer wrote his epic rhyme,
 Which is to-day most glorious and sublime :
 Imperishable Fame a temple rears.
 The mean and mighty, kings and proud compeers
 Alike, vast multitudes, are swept away
 By slow yet certain progress of decay.
 Old England cannot yet claim two Shakespeares.
 Shakespeare, like a huge pyramid, will stand
 Ever on Time's dry sands by myriads cross'd,
 Who toil for fame ; at last their works are lost,
 Or worthless, scarcely pass'd from hand to hand.
 True destin'd greatness is enhanc'd and grand ;
 The wealth of genius none can know the cost.

AN OLD MOTHER'S FACE.

THE furrow'd lines upon the calm, old face
Are sear'd by many cares ; the eyes are weak,
Filmed by age ; the thin white lips still speak
Of latent love no sorrow could displace.
The cheeks have lost the red that gave much grace
To nature ; blanch'd, save here and there a streak
Of fading bloom ; forbear the cause to seek
Of tresses grey—the heirloom of the race.
What do we see in the old face so fair ?
There's love, and, more than mine, it doth reveal
The loss of pain and bliss she once did feel :
She knows full well the hauntings of despair.
The cup of joy is now full to the brim,
And her dear life is all one rapturous hymn.



SUNSET FROM CLAYTON HEIGHTS, YORKS.

A MARVELLOUS scene, and passing fair, now lies
Above the hills ; it fills the hour and place :
The drifting mists of fleecy gold we trace
Across the sunset cloud, which pales and dies,
Stunn'd by the glory of the sunset skies.
Freed from all specks or stains in ev'ry part,
The scene relieves the burden of the heart.
The grey, bald hills are dress'd in duller guise ;
The hermit thrush not now repeats his song ;
The friendly robin doth not move a note ;
The roseate clouds o'erhead do lightly float
Towards the steely north—a shining throng.
To the far south cloud threads move light and free,
Alike the ripples on a silver sea,

RETURN OF A BIRTHDAY.

TO MY BROTHER THOMAS, AGED 58, DEC. 13, 1894.

THE years have roll'd by since we were boys :
Much change has robb'd us of the home we had ;
Grief was unknown, and we were always glad
With passing events, bringing thrilling joys.
Since then we've found the outside world annoys :
Thoughts crowd the mind that sometimes make us
sad ;
Life is made up of stern things, good and bad.
Time gives much pleasure, and it much destroys,
And we are old to-day, and such we know ;
Another threshold we are treading on,
With stronger ties to bind us than the one
That gave us shelter in the years ago.
Though now on the hill top, midst frost and snow,
Friends flock around us, giving joys anon.



NEW YEAR SUNSET.

THE first day in the year ends with the skies
In gold, and amber, and long primrose bars ;
The twilight's brief, and the eternal stars
Come out in bright attire when sunlight dies.
In the far east a faint, white light doth rise,
And then the radiance dims the glittering stars
Of heaven in the domain of ruddy Mars.
Man views the full round moon with rapturous eye.
When the dull day is done and evening comes,
And the low sun forsakes the grey old hills,
The weary workmen press towards their homes ;
Their hearts grow lighter and with pleasure fill,
The nearer they approach home in the dells,
Made bright with music from the New Year bells.

THE RUSTIC AND MAIDEN.

THE farmer lean'd against his gate one morn,
His brow contracted and his heart in fear,
And thus he argued, though no one was near :
" This field in Spring was sown with good sound
corn ;
And now I've never seen since I was born
A field like this. The devil has been here.
There is more weed than corn, that is quite clear.
The parson would at such have growl'd and sworn."
A maiden spoke, with winsome, gentle face,
She said, " What pretty grass ! how bright and
green !
The raindrops gleam on it like pearls, and bees
Are bearing honey from this pleasant place,
From nice wild flowers, prettier nowhere seen :
I'm sure that God is good to give all these!"



THE DAISY BY THE WAY.

BENEATH the black thorn hedge it meets the
gaze,
Freshest and fairest on life's common way,
Brightening the rural path of mire and clay,
And it is worthy of a song of praise.
The air is not yet fill'd with od'rous thyme,
Nor lilies, saint-like, in the field are yet ;
Its upturn'd lips with amorous rain is wet.
It is the season of the snow and rime ;
The noiseless moths flit not on velvet wing ;
The daylight, garmented in grey, is gloom ;
It is the only flower now in bloom.
The lambkins crop it not where a clear spring
Of gurgling water runs beneath green broom,
And emulous throstles in the willows sing.

IN ARCADIA.

Fears are sometimes caused by love, joy, and sorrow : but they do not express all that which is in the heart.

THE summer's drifting days and hours
Had laid a yellow leaf or two
Amongst the heavy breathing flowers,
Which cast their shadows, wet with dew,
Beneath the shaggy hills
Whose streamlets feed the rills.

Arcadia—a country place,
Where summer suns shine down upon,
Where all is still—a Sabbath's grace—
With much of grandeur seen and gone :
The sheen of earth and sky
Grasps many a restless eye.

The way lay through the orchard garth
Towards the place of hearts' desire,
A place warmer than cottage hearth
When blood leaps stronger far than fire,
To find the golden fleece,
Peculiar grace and peace.

What did they do together then,
The swain and the young shepherdess ?
It was just two full hours to ten—
Did they talk of the daily press ?
Each with a smile look'd up,
And drain'd Love's sparkling cup.

Their eyes met in the waning light,
Unread in passion's disarray ;
The grim and crawling shades of night
Marr'd not their unpretentious stay.
Under the beechen tree,
All of her life was he.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AUTHORESS OF THE FAMOUS "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

SISTER OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICAN PREACHER,
HENRY WARD BEECHER,

BORN JUNE 14TH, 1811 ; DIED JULY 1ST, 1896.

She mounted no pedestal to proclaim her merits in dealing with the misery and wretchedness of the negroes, but her simple tale of slave-life touched the hearts of her readers, and helped forward the glorious work of emancipation she loved so much.

SHE keenly felt, and much, for suffering man,
At Freedom's gate, with hatred of dire wrong,
Which quench'd in woe the little children's song,
And made dark wives and mothers poor and wan.
Her high and arduous tale in love began,
Which thrill'd and warm'd the hearts of millions and
Full of rare interest from her native land
With mighty wonders through the world ran.
And now, as underneath a spreading palm—
The touch of priest she had in soul and heart,
And of the world's great whole a noble part—
She rests, after her long life's evening calm,
Her brilliant work yet lives to hold in thrall,
To pour its splendour on the waiting soul.





CONGRATULATORY LINES RESPECTING
"ECHOES FROM YEARS GONE BY."

Only four letters are given out of a great number received by the Author from all parts of the country, and from all classes of society.

From Mr. J. D. Fox, Poet and Author.

39, North Terrace,
Bingley, Nov. 4th, 1893.

Dear Sir,—Your book and letter to hand. I have already read with interest the sketch of your life, also a few of your poems. Your little work deserves to have a good sale, which I trust it will have. I am sorry that you have nearly lost the blessed sense of sight, but I observe from your writings that you see with other eyes—other than your physical ones. You have a keen spiritual perception; and your faith in God, who has often been eyes to the blind, is evidently such that you know he will provide for the evening of your life, and though the shadows may lengthen, yet in your case even "at eventide it shall be light;" and as you emerge from the valley light eternal will greet those almost sightless eyes of yours, and life immortal be substituted for the life that now is. Enclosed you will find 5/6. Send me another copy, which I want for a friend, who will also subscribe for your next new work. I also will take a copy when ready. I enclose you one of my poems—"Daybreak." Kindest regards.
—Ever yours

JOHN D. FOX.

From Mr. FRANK PEEL, Author.

"Herald" Office, Heckmondwike,
January 13th, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I must apologise for not answering your letter sooner and acknowledging the receipt of your most interesting book of poems, but the fact is, I have been away a little, and my attention has been

so much taken up with a multitude of other matters that I have had no opportunity of writing, as I should have liked to have done.

I can assure you I spent a very pleasant evening in reading your book. It has in it much of the true spirit of poetry, and bears ample testimony to the internal love of Nature, which seems ingrained in the poetic soul.

Your biography is not the least interesting part of your book, and it will no doubt prove an incentive to many a man similarly circumstanced to go and do likewise.

With kind regards and best wishes.—Yours truly,

FRANK PEEL.

The following lines were composed by Mr. JOHN SCOTT, Mayor of Hythe, Kent (1892-93), and sent to the Author, after taking a copy of "Echoes."

Dear Author of the "Evening Strains"
And "Echoes" from the Ambleside,
God speed your book ! bring plenty gains
To you ; and read both far and wide.

It grieves me sore to know your sight
Is nearly something of the past ;
But with a wife you still have light
To cheer you on while life doth last.

I'll keep your book, my thanks accept ;
The value now to you I send ;
My children, too, are glad I've kept
The "Echoes" from the Westmorland.

Lines to the Author from the Rev. R. D. HOPE
Old Hutton Vicarage, Kendal.

Hoggarth, of Kendal bards the chief,
I send you an epistle brief,
By way of kindly greeting.
Though to the world at large unknown,
You need not envy kings their throne,
With pow'r vast yet fleeting ;
Nor for the pomp of Rome need sigh,
Nor India's spicy groves ;
While to Westmeria's glades you hie,
And listen to the doves
That sing aye in spring gay,
With soft harmonious tone ;
And flow'rs sweet senses greet
Amid the woodlands lone.

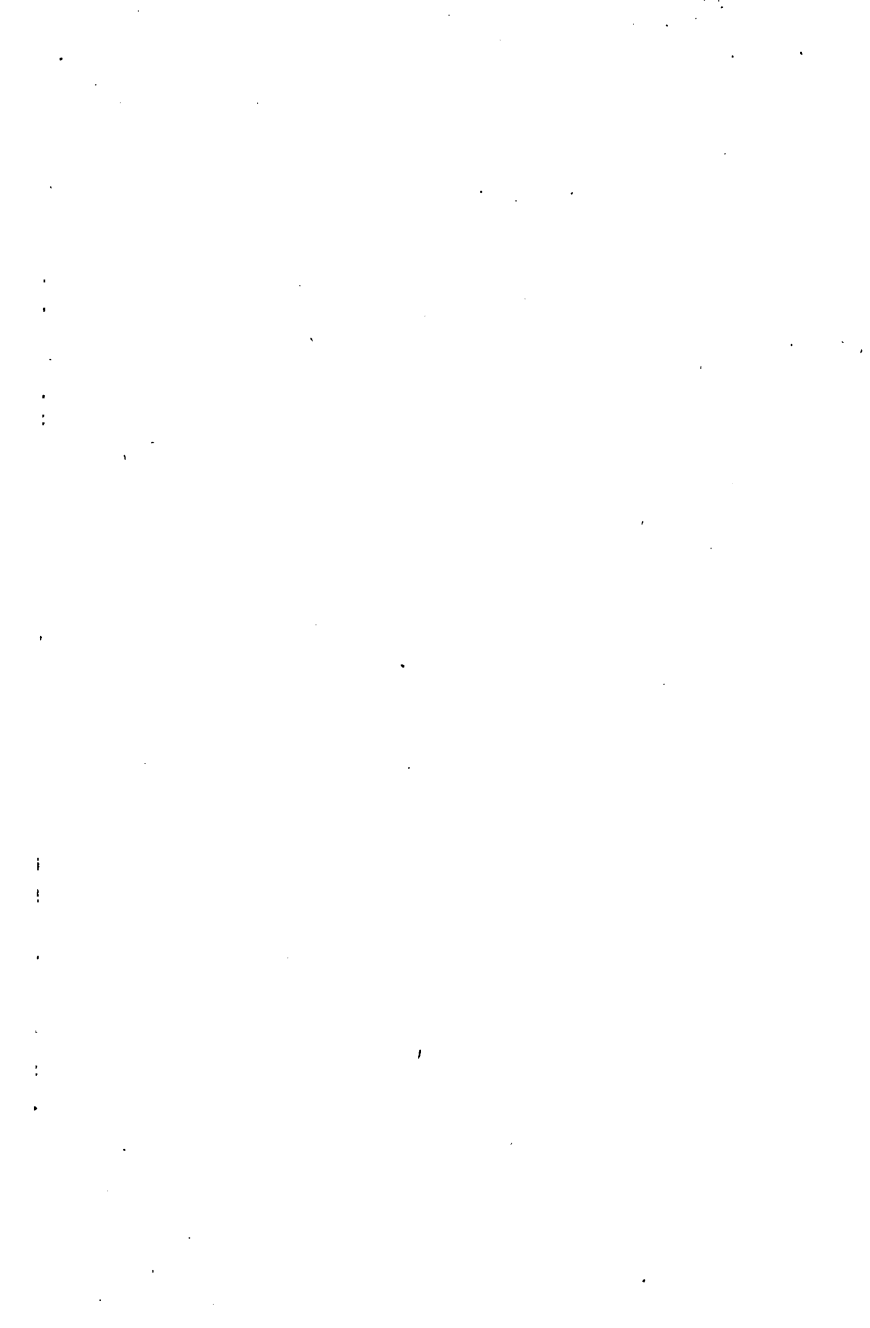
Often I read your verses dear,
 As from week to week they appear,
 Adorning faithful news ;
 And as the light of your great thoughts
 Upon my mental vision floats,
 I hail your happy muse.
 Your rhymes on cloudland are so fine,
 With wealth of setting sun,
 That Wordsworth scarce could mend each line,
 So well the couplets run ;
 Still flowing and glowing
 With beauty all their own,
 As lark gay woos the day,
 When vernal flow'rs have blown.

Oft I recall your verses rare
 Upon the crimson crocus fair,
 Braving the fierce weather ;
 Lifting its unassuming form,
 And beaming on the coming storm,
 As kine crowd together.
 And such, alas ! has sometimes been
 The fate of gifted bard,
 From Homer's distant day, I ween,
 Whose lot was truly hard,
 Craving bread as he read
 His rhapsodies divine,
 Till dying, towns sighing,
 Each for his birthplace pine.*

But Hoggarth dear, may you live long,
 And still beguile us with your song
 Upon Westmeria's dales ;
 Blithe as the thrush that hails the morn,
 With breast throbbing from the thorn,
 May you breathe vernal gales !
 And may misfortunes, great or small,
 Not oft your prospects cloud,
 But true pleasures on you fall,
 By gracious hand allowed ;
 Till life close, and repose
 Your soul in heav'n above,
 Where no gale and no hail
 O'er the fair region move !

* An old distich says :

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead
 Through which the living Homer begged his bread."





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